



No. 271.—VOL. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



WHAT THEY HAVE SUFFERED FOR ENGLAND.
GORDON HIGHLANDERS WHO HAVE ARRIVED AT NETLEY, AFTER THE TIRAH CAMPAIGN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

THE CHIEF NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

The accompanying illustrations will serve to afford the reader a very fair appreciation of the relative strength of the Navies of the seven chief maritime Powers. The drawings are made to scale, and are proportioned in accordance with the comparative tonnage they represent, while the diagram relating to the strength of men shows the relationship existing as to numbers.

The most notable fact exhibited by these drawings is the very large margin which this country possesses in point of superiority over her naval rivals. It will be seen that the British Navy is more than double as strong in battleships, and considerably more than double as strong in cruisers, as France, which stands second in naval importance.

Tonnage is, however, not an entirely satisfactory standard of comparison, inasmuch as it is no criterion of either power or effective force. In point of armament it is safe to assume that our ships are at least as well provided as those of any other Navy, while the proportions of our more recently built vessels are without rival. The seven battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* type are certainly among the most

Our record in cruisers is even more satisfactory than that in battleships. Not only are our recent additions to this class more important than those of any other Power, but they are also far more numerous, as will be seen from the diagram, which shows a greater superiority in cruisers than in ironclads. Such vessels as the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, with others of the same type now building, are not only the most powerful yet designed, but they are more heavily armoured, better armed, possess a higher speed, and carry more coal than do similar craft belonging to other navies.

While claiming that the British Navy is as superior to all others in efficiency as it is in size and strength, it would be absurd to deny that in several respects the warships of France are fully equal to our own. The most marked characteristic of the 'cross-Channel battleships is the heavy armament, which rules proportionately greater than in the British vessels. There is, on the other hand, a tendency to overweight them with colossal superstructures, which must have a bad effect on their efficiency in a sea, as well as making them an easy mark for big guns.

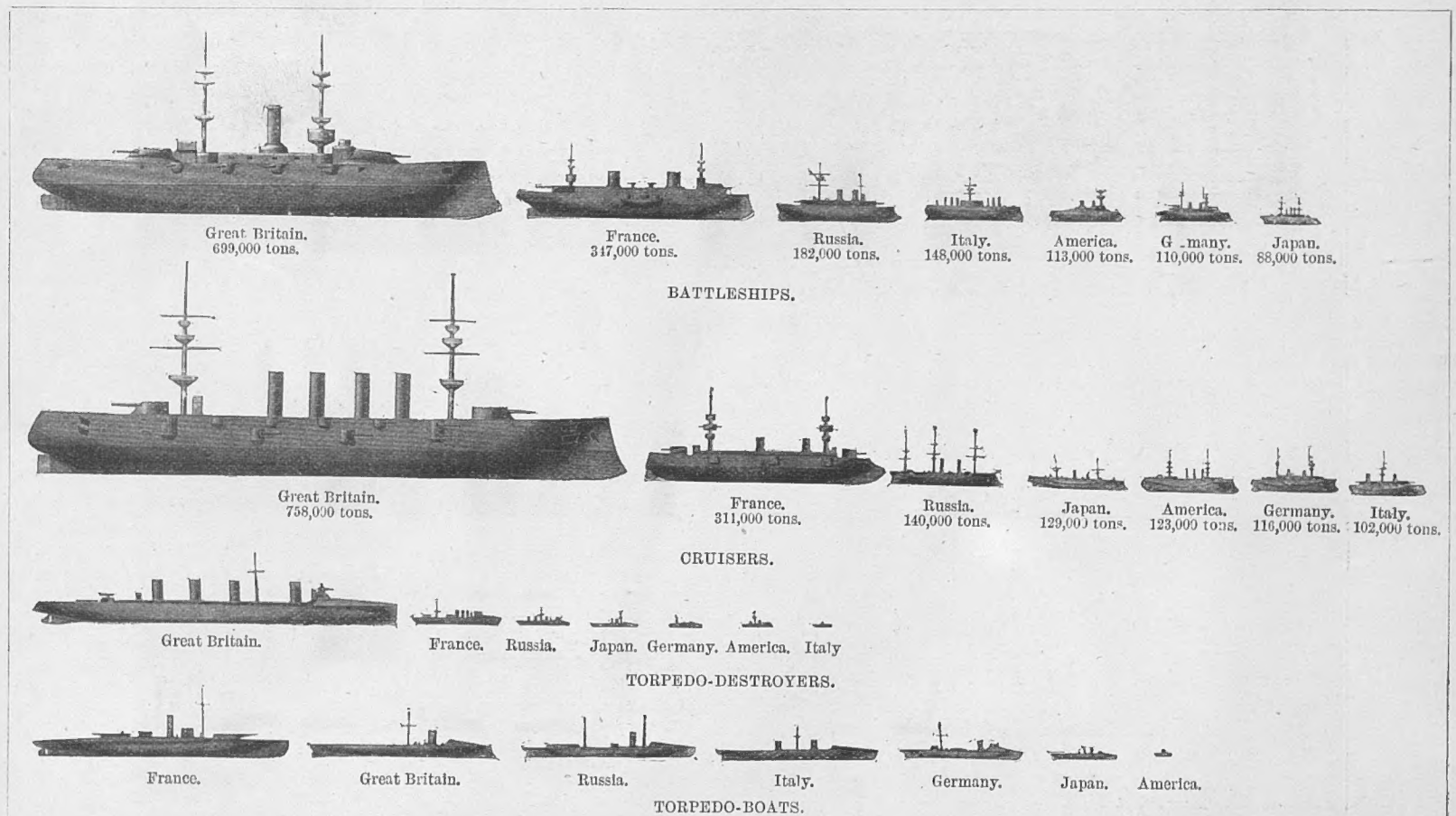
The Russian Navy is at present an unknown quantity, seeing that many of the vessels now in commission are little more than elderly hulks, some dating from just after the Crimean War. Russia is now engaged in building a number of ships which will, in all probability, be of the first rank. She is weak in cruisers, possessing only two of more recent date than 1890. She owns, however, in addition to her regular Navy, a "volunteer fleet" of twelve powerful vessels, which, used in peace-time as transports between the Black Sea and the Siberian ports, can be quickly armoured and used as protected cruisers in case of need.

The Navy of Italy is altogether out of proportion to her heavy coast-line, but comprises some of the biggest warships afloat. Besides the two fifteen-thousand tonners already referred to, she has four vessels of over thirteen thousand and five of more than eleven thousand tons. She also owns some formidable cruisers, but is reported to have sold the most recent, the *Garibaldi*, to Spain.

In point of number and strength, the United States and the Spanish Navies stand fairly level—on paper. There is, however, a marked difference between them, in that the Yankees, an essentially practical people, are apt to be thorough in their undertakings, and their warships are known to be exceptionally well-found. In the case of Spain the reverse holds good, and the fact that the pay of the officers and men is provided irregularly and that there is understood to be a leakage in the handling of the money provided for the Navy tempts one to believe that, in the event of hostilities between the two nations, the result would be a foregone conclusion.

formidable afloat, and the nine ironclads of the same design as the *Majestic*, with a tonnage of 14,900 each, are exceeded only by the *Italia* and the *Lepanto*, which register a thousand tons more.

The naval equipment of Germany is a somewhat new departure, inasmuch as until recently she possessed only such vessels as were required for harbour defence. The acquisition of her African Colonies in 1884,



COMPARATIVE STRENGTHS OF THE NAVAL FORCES OF THE WORLD, AS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES.

Reproduced by permission from "Zur Guten Stunde."

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

CASSELL AND COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S NEW NOVEL.
KRONSTADT.

Being the Story of Marian Best and of Paul Zassulie, her lover, together with some account of the Russian fortress of Kronstadt, and of those who would have betrayed it. By MAX PEMBERTON, Author of "A Puritan's Wife," "Christine of the Hills," &c. 6s. [Ready shortly.]

MR. HORNUNG'S NEW VOLUME.
YOUNG BLOOD.

By E. W. HORNUNG, Author of "My Lord Duke," "The Rogue's March," &c. 6s. [Just published.]

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON'S NEW NOVEL.
THE GIRL AT COBHURST.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON, Author of "A Story Teller's Pack," &c. Price 6s. [Ready shortly.]

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL WORK.
Now Ready, price 10s. 6d.

CASSELL'S FAMILY LAWYER:

A Popular Exposition of the Civil Law of England and Scotland.
By A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

"In this bulky volume the reader will find liberal information on all matters wherein the ordinary man or woman can come in contact with legal limitations or require legal enlightenment, and, better still, he will find the information given clearly."—DAILY MAIL.

CASSELL and COMPANY (Limited), London; and all Booksellers.

NEW SIX SHILLING NOVELS.

THE LONDONERS: An Absurdity. By ROBERT HICHENS.
"Should be read by everyone in search of a laugh."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO. By I. ZANGWILL.
"Displays with conspicuous force and brilliancy all the finer qualities of his earlier works."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

THE LAKE OF WINE. By BERNARD CAPES.

KING CIRCUMSTANCE. By EDWIN PUGH, Author of "A Street in Suburbia."

THE SCOURGE-STICK. By Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRÆD.
"Undeniably powerful and interesting."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

THE MINISTER OF STATE. By J. A. STEWART, Author of "In the Day of Battle."
"Dramatic, romantic, and realistic."—WORLD.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

FUR, FEATHER, AND FIN SERIES (NEW VOLUME).
Edited by A. E. T. WATSON.

THE SALMON.

By the Hon. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY.

With Chapters on the LAW OF SALMON-FISHING, by CLAUD DOUGLAS PENNANT; and COOKERY, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

With 8 Illustrations by Douglas Adams and Charles Whymper. Crown 8vo, 5s.
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO.

"I should like to send you PICK-ME-UP every week. . . . It is a dreadfully amusing paper—never fails to make me almost yell."—MR. PINERO'S PLAY: "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

NEW SERIES.

PICK-ME-UP.

PRICE ONE PENNY. Office: 148, STRAND, W.C.

HEALTH AND CONDITION IN THE ACTIVE AND SEDENTARY.

By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, Royal Coll. Phys. London. Author of "Foods for the Fat."
CONTENTS—Perfect Health, How to Attain—Deviations from Health—Insidious Causes of Disease—Causes of Premature Decay—Diseases due to Diet—Diet only Curable by Diet—Epochs in Life—Exigencies of Modern Society—Idiosyncrasies—The Foundation of Health—Tight Lacing, Diseases from—Preservation of Female Beauty—A Short Life and a Merry One—Constitutional Flaws—Aristocratic Ailments—The London Season—The Debutante—The Diet of Grief—Vegetarianism Injurious—Ailments of Mal-nutrition and of Excess—Obesity, Gout, Acidity, Leanness, Indigestion, &c., &c.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"Those who desire a long and healthy life will perhaps find their best means of obtaining it in the study and observance of such rules as are laid down here. . . . The book is a rational and practical guide to 'Health and Condition.'"—MORNING POST. "Full of valuable hints and suggestive warnings as to the results of improper food and insufficient exercise."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.
London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, and CO., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

WARD, LOCK, & CO.'S EASTER BOOKS.

New Catalogue, comprising over 3000 Books in every Department of Literature, will be sent post free on application.

THE NOVEL FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Just Published. A Brilliant NEW NOVEL by GUY BOOTHBY, entitled

THE LUST OF HATE. 5s.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, bevelled. With 6 Full-Page Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.

"INTENSELY INTERESTING. . . . Mr. Boothby in THE LUST OF HATE has recreated his famous Dr. Nikola. . . . A story of such exciting incident that the reader recovers breath only when the hero is well away from the shores of England. With artistic realism he describes the thrilling and romantic incidents and gives free scope to his powerful descriptive pen. . . . Fairly captivates the reader."—SCOTSMAN.

GUY BOOTHBY'S POPULAR NOVELS

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, bevelled, 5s. each. Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

BUSHIGRAMS.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

DR. NIKOLA.

A BID FOR FORTUNE.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL.

THE MARRIAGE OF ESTHER.

IN STRANGE COMPANY.

A STARTLING NOVEL.

Just Ready. A NEW STORY by M. McDONNELL BODKIN, Q.C., Author of "White Magic," "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," &c.

A STOLEN LIFE. 6s.

"A STARTLING NOVEL . . . beats anything of the kind we have met with even in fiction . . . puts into shade all the similar exploits in the cases of Dr. Jekyll, Miss Semaphore, and Mr. Bultitude."—DAILY MAIL.

"A NOTABLE ADDITION to the LITERATURE OF SPORT."

The Daily Telegraph (nearly a column review).

"AN INTENSELY INTERESTING BOOK."—SPORTING CHRONICLE.

JUST READY. Crown 8vo, wrapper, 2s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.
Illustrated by 80 Photographs.

WITH BAT AND BALL:

Or, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

With Hints to Young Cricketers on Batting, Bowling, and Fielding.

By GEORGE GIFFEN.

(The "W. G. GRACE" of Australia.)

"A book which we may say we like immensely, and which we unhesitatingly recommend to our readers. It is honestly worth a good deal more than the figure at which it is offered. The illustrations alone are well worth the money."—ATHLETIC NEWS.

"There is not a dull page from first to last. Indeed, Mr. Giffen is to be congratulated upon having given us a book on cricket which is worthy to rank beside any that have yet dealt with the game."—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

6d.

"The Times" calls it "A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS."

THE APRIL

6d.

WINDSOR MAGAZINE

(JUST READY)

Is a FINE HOLIDAY NUMBER, and contains—

A SPECIAL ARTICLE ON THE WAR OFFICE.

THE RESOURCES OF CANADA. By ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

SEVEN SPLENDID STORIES.

A Thrilling Instalment of "KRONSTADT,"

THE BRILLIANT SERIAL BY MAX PEMBERTON.

And many other Attractive Features.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

HAS ECLIPSED EVERY OTHER SIXPENNY MAGAZINE BY BEING



BIGGER.

BRIGHTER.

BETTER.



WARD, LOCK & CO., Limited, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

AN IMPERIAL TABLE-WATER.

"Kronthal"! Reader, mark well the word, and pronounce it, pray, without the "h," for you will meet it again and you will certainly have to say it. Animal, vegetable, or mineral? Well, decidedly mineral. You would say so if you saw the list of salubrious chemicals which go to



MR. H. MACONOCHE, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

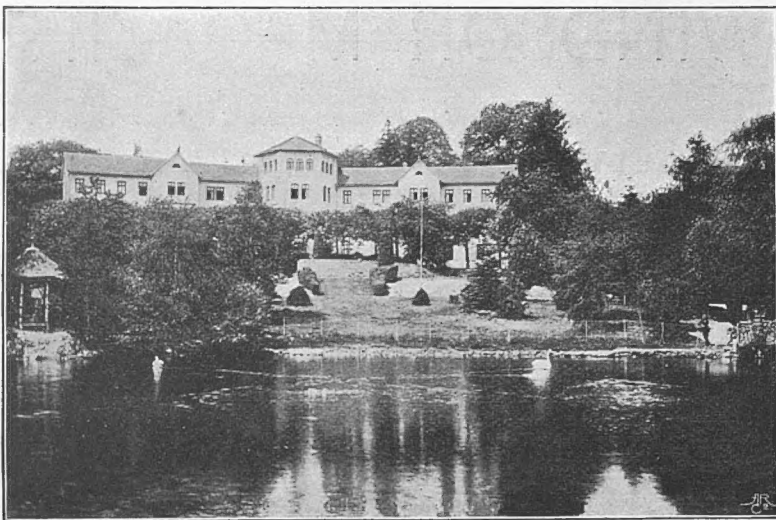
differentiate it from the common H_2O . If, like Kola, it "is not a Food," it is the next best thing to it—a drink. To come to the point, it is the newest of those excellent table-waters of which during recent years Germany has been so prodigal. It has bubbled from the earth unregarded for centuries in the neighbourhood of Kronberg, which is in the neighbourhood of Frankfort—unregarded, at least, so far as the thirsty Briton was concerned. Now at last it has reached his shores; and may one say, from personal experience, that, neat, it is a stimulating draught, and, with a due percentage of alcohol, it forms a beverage so seductive that Sir Wilfrid Lawson is bound, merely as a matter of principle, to disapprove of it? It is really no light responsibility to introduce a liquid of this kind.

The young and energetic shoulders, however, of Mr. H. Maconochie are equal to the burden of that responsibility. He is the sponsor of "Kronthal," so far as this country is concerned, and his font, so to speak, is situated at No. 66, St. James's Street. It may be said at once that he knows as much about these effervescences as a man can know. It is largely to his skill and management that "Johannis" owes its popularity in England and America. Now that "Johannis" and "Apollinaris" have been amalgamated, he has secured a large interest in "Kronthal," and intends to do as well, if not better, by it.

He is just back from a visit to the scene of operations, and full of praises of the Kronthal country. "One of the most picturesque places I ever set eyes on," he said. "It well deserves its name of 'Kronthal'—Crown of the Valley. Do you know," he added, "the springs are only a few minutes' walk from Friedrichshof, the residence of the Empress Frederick, who, by the way, takes the keenest interest in their prosperity? 'Kronthal' is her favourite beverage, and the Duke of Cambridge is another of its votaries."

"Illustrious patronage!"

"Well, I fancy the Kronthal springs have always been under more or less illustrious patronage. Many of the old knights of Kronberg were Crusaders; and one of them was the Hartmuth who led the Reformation."



THE KURHAUS: KRONTHAL SPRINGS.

"Is it, may I ask, a new enterprise?"

"As an enterprise, yes. But, of course, the springs have always had a reputation. Three hundred years ago Montanus celebrated their virtues in his 'Wasserschatz.' Gerning also wrote verses about them and prophesied a great future for them."

"Which, I presume, is now at hand. Then, 'Kronthal' is a novelty to this country?"

"Yes, you may put it so. Of course, small quantities have been imported from time to time, but the water has never been put on the market in the systematic way which its qualities demand."

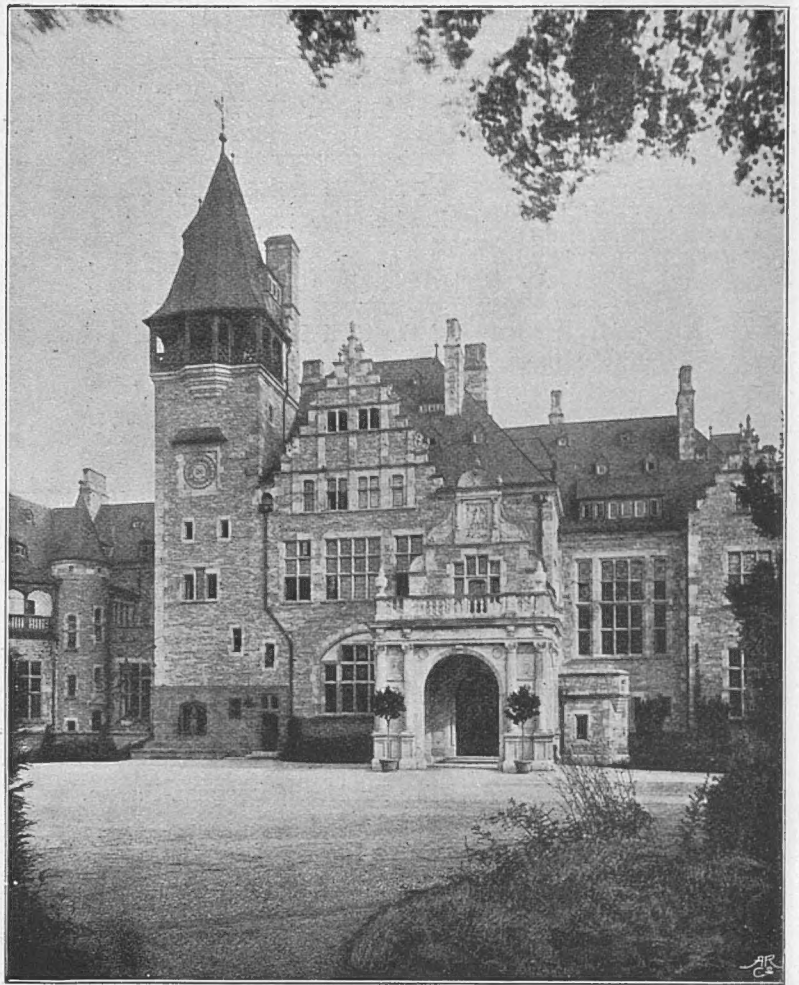
"How about the output? I suppose the capacity of the springs is limited?"

"Yes—to the extent of fifty millions of bottles a year."

"So you may yet break your 'Johannis' feat of raising the 'circulation' from fifty thousand to five millions annually?"

"I hope so. You see, we have four springs, each of them with different saline properties. The four 'brands' will be distinguished by the colour of the label on the bottle—blue, red, green, or yellow, as the case may be. That bearing the blue label is the one which we specially recommend as a table beverage. I think it the best in the world; and it blends admirably with wines and spirits."

"The Kronthal Waters have, of course, a medicinal value?"



"FRIEDRICHSHOF": PALACE OF H.I.M. EMPRESS FREDERICK.

"Yes. Here are the analyses. Hosts of German doctors have testified—here are the testimonials—to their dietetic properties; and the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, in a letter written so long ago as 1879, expressed his surprise that the spring was not known in England, because, he said, 'in abundance of natural carbonic acid, with a relative freedom of alkaline carbonates, its position is supreme.'"

"That refers to the blue-labelled brand?"

"Yes; what is called the 'William' spring. But, curiously enough, the other springs are still more highly recommended for invalids, particularly for cases of rheumatism and anæmia. One other point I should like to emphasise is that every pint of 'Kronthal' is bottled at the spring, and that there is no 'doctoring' or flavouring of the natural water. As a matter of fact, 'Kronthal' holds nineteen gold medals and first prizes awarded in various Continental towns. In England, as I have said, it is comparatively a novelty."

"Then the waters have been bottled before?"

"Yes, for the last twenty years or so. Before that the springs were simply a Spa or health resort, where holiday-makers came to drink and bathe. We actually sell now several millions of bottles every year, though nothing has been done to push the sale in the way of advertisement. The bottling-houses have had to be continually enlarged, and they will, of course, have to be enlarged still further in a month or two, when England takes to drinking 'Kronthal.'"

And two of England took to drinking "Kronthal" forthwith.

SMALL TALK.

In the recent Parliamentary debate on the Prisons Bill the most interesting speech was delivered by Mr. Michael Davitt. Prison life did not harden Mr. Davitt. It has left him with a soft heart to feel for others who endure that life. Mr. Davitt occupies a remarkable position in the House of Commons. Although he holds extreme views not only of Irish government, but also on social questions, he is held in almost universal respect. No one stands aloof from him on account of his prison experience, and if he is disliked personally, it is not by any British member. Mr. Davitt is recognised as an honest, straightforward politician and a correct member of Parliament. Having taken the oath and his seat in that House, he may be trusted to conform to its usages. It is by regular Parliamentary methods that he expresses his views—views unpalatable to many British members and unpatriotic, sometimes, from a British standpoint. Cries of "Vive la France!" do not come from his lips. He is, indeed, a pattern of Parliamentary decorum, striving steadily to aid his country's cause and to assist the labourer everywhere, but always observing the rules and even the conventionalities of the House.

There is something very touching in Mr. Davitt's empty sleeve. It recalls what Kinglake wrote of Lord Raglan. Mr. Davitt lost his right arm not on the field of battle, but through a machine accident when working as a factory-boy in Lancashire. His career has been very varied and full of incident, with much sadness as well as success. The factory-boy became postman and commercial traveller. For nine years he was imprisoned for treason-felony. Then he became journalist, political lecturer, and Member of Parliament. His name was perhaps never more magical than when he lay in prison; it was the watchword of Irish politicians who have since quarrelled with him. Soon after his entry to Parliament he made his mark as an effective speaker, and has kept the ear of the House. His speeches are well arranged, and his deep, emotional voice sounds agreeably.

Mr. Davitt is devoted to Mr. Dillon's leadership. Perhaps Mr. Blake and he are the Nationalist leader's most confidential lieutenants. They are regular in attendance at his side. It is a notable group of men which sits on the third bench below the Opposition Gangway; Mr. Tim Healy and Mr. T. P. O'Connor are also included in it, but no figure is more interesting than that of the man with the empty sleeve, the thin, dark-bearded face, the black eyes and bushy eyebrows.

Mothers of families have not been wont to overpraise the glorious game of golf, seeing that it has a tendency to unduly develop muscle without the correspondingly practical sequence which social tennis entailed. There may be "putting," but there has been far less "placing" of daughters since the decadence of "all sets to love" over rackets. Meanwhile, the game over which ancient Caledonia relaxed itself seems as catching as measles, and will even, doubtless, reach Thibet in time. At Cannes, which, because of the Prince of Wales's advent, has been

queening it socially of late, great events in golf contests have been going forward. On Friday all the world and her daughters assembled in smart chiffons to see the Prince, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Grand Duke Michael reward with prizes lucky and expert "strickers-off" on the Golf Club lawn. By twelve o'clock, to use an indoor expression, there was a very full house, Mr. Tennent arriving with his smartly turned-out four-in-hand, Baron de Stoeckl, a well-known figure, on the box-seat.

Mrs. Tennent wore a pale-grey gown and a light-green toque, which went uncommonly well together. Mrs. Pakenham Mahon and the Duchess of Somerset wore the same colour, which has been a first favourite on the Riviera. Among the others present were Mr. Van Loon,

Captain Vyncer, Mrs. George Keppel, Lady Anna Chandos-Pole; the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, discarding horses, arrived in a smart private automobile; Countess Adda Merenberg, one of the beauties, who came on her bicycle; the lawn was as crowded as an Ascot Meeting, in fact, only that the "smart mob" was naturally more cosmopolitan. Lady Lacon represented Norfolk most sufficiently. Her dress was of mauve satin under black Chantilly, with a violet toque and violets on corsage and parasol. Lady Galway went in white silk, with a plumed picture-hat *en suite*; Lady Riddell in pink-and-white striped silk, Miss Topham-Watney also, while Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. George Batten, both established beauties, were among those who had tea at the Prince's table. Never again can it be said that golf does not fether a crowd.

A girl pianist, Paula Sezalit, who is reported as the eighth wonder of the musical world and is a pupil of Hoffmann, appeared at the reception, and was the crux of the evening, although some of the artists had been brought all the way from Paris. Paula Sezalit is partly Hungarian, and is a slight, small child of ten years old.

In Persia the royal favour has a most agreeable habit of showing itself in showers of jewels;

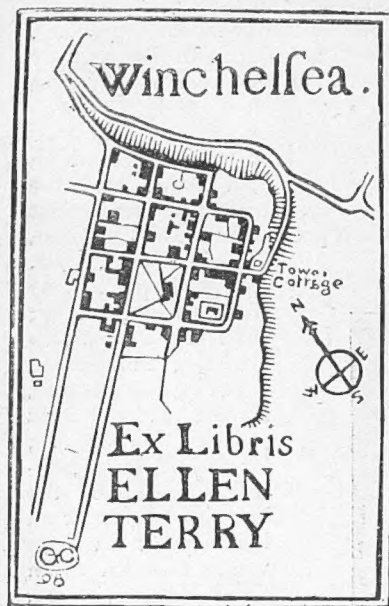
medallions, sword-hilts, beakers, and other grown-up toys encrusted with diamonds, being "always kept in stock" and sent post-haste to favourites on the slightest provocation. At a big evening given at the Persian Legation in St. Petersburg last week a great feature of the entertainment was, for example, some miniatures of the Shah surrounded by large diamonds which had been sent by that heaven-born and lavish monarch to several of the guests; those Indian shawls with which our own august Sovereign confers an inexpensive honour on the Season's brides have, in fact, a scarcely larger circulation, though there is somewhat a difference in the respective "values." Another special mark of royal recognition in Persia is the present of a richly embroidered parade dress, its clasps and buttons inlaid with precious stones of great value. Such a present has just been sent to the Persian Minister by the Volga, Mirza Riza Khan, who is a most highly cultured gentleman poet as well as politician, and a great favourite in Slavonic society to boot.



THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

I have to thank Miss Ellen Terry for allowing me to reproduce the quaint book-plate which has been designed for her by her son, Mr. Gordon Craig. I noticed it in the *Page*, one of the most curious and fascinating productions I have seen.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S BOOK-PLATE.
Designed by her Son.

a charming cottage at Winchelsea. This book-plate will readily enable them to find it.

A London spring—I know no town that shows up so well at this time of the year. If I were a provincial, I should come to London now, whereas the country usually comes up to town to broil in summer.

Spring comes again: nor yet alone
For country lane and fruitful field,
Which yeomen have in silence sown
Expectant of the goodly yield;
Spring comes to greet
The crowded street,
And all our chilling fogs have flown.
Though frosts are scarcely put to rout,
And though the sun be shy as yet,
The spring has come beyond a doubt,
Though showers of wintry sleet may threaten.
'Mid darkening sky,
You can't deny
The nights are ever lengthening out.
The spring, indeed, is in the land,
Although the air is far from hot;
The stuccoed houses in the Strand
Are smiling 'neath the painter's pot.
And dingy brick
Grows span-and-spick,
While every pave is ladder-spanned.
The busman dons his shiny hat—
His grim sou'-wester laid aside;
His collar and his smart cravat
Appear again with vernal pride.
The cyclists hail
The springtide's trail,
And through the traffic dodge and glide.
Spring once again: the trees that line
The grey Embankment bud once more;
The merry sparrows cease to pine,
And chirp all day as heretofore.
The spring is here
For eye and ear;
It knocks again at London's door.

A correspondent in Cleveland, Ohio, writes to me—

The article on St. Valentine's Day in the Feb. 16 number of *The Sketch* has greatly interested me, and I have read with regret that the pretty custom of sending love-tokens on St. Valentine's Day has fallen into disuse in England. It is not waning in this country, and I believe that the observance of the custom is greater than ever.

The retirement of Lieut.-General W. G. Dunham Massy, C.B., owing to non-employment for five years, removes an interesting figure from the Army. Though only fifty-nine years of age, General Massy was under fire at the Tchernaya, and commanded the Grenadiers of the "Green Howards" at the assault of the Redan, when, besides other injuries, he was dangerously wounded by a ball which smashed the bone of his left thigh. He lay on the ground till nightfall, but the Russians, supposing him to be mortally wounded, did not remove him with the rest of their prisoners. He was recommended in a special despatch for his gallantry at the Redan, his fortitude, and "the patient endurance with which he bore his most severe suffering during a confinement to his camp stretcher of nearly six months." More than twenty years later, the erstwhile infantryman commanded the cavalry brigade in the Afghan War of 1879-80, when he again distinguished himself, being twice mentioned in despatches. Lieut.-General Massy is a Knight of the Legion of Honour and Honorary Colonel of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers.

The petition of the people of Canada, presented to the Secretary of State for War through the Prince of Wales, for the repatriation of the 100th (Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian) Regiment, now the 1st Battalion of the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), has been considered by Lord Lansdowne. It is desired that the regiment shall be recruited solely by Canadians, and have its dépôt in Toronto. Lord Lansdowne assures the petitioners that he and the Commander-in-Chief are prepared to give favourable consideration to any proposals which may tend to foster the connection between the regular Army and the military forces of Canada, and to further cement the strong feeling of sympathy already existing between the Mother Country and the Dominion. He suggests that, before further action is taken, it would be desirable to ascertain whether the proposal represents the wishes of the Canadian people generally, and whether the Canadian Government would be prepared to give the scheme practical support, in the form of providing barrack accommodation, medical attendance, and facilities for commissariat arrangements, if it is found practicable to establish a recruiting dépôt at Toronto. Should the answer be satisfactory, the old title might be restored and two Canadian Militia battalions be affiliated to the regiment.

The idea has been received with great favour in the Dominion, and, speaking with a knowledge of the country, I believe that, if carried out, the class of recruits obtained in Canada would compare favourably with our home grown Tommies. The doubt in my mind is whether the pay would be sufficiently tempting. The soldier of the Canadian permanent force receives about double the sum paid to our Mr. Atkins, and I fear he would turn up his nose at the bill-of-fare of British Tommy. While in Canada I came across several pensioners of the old 100th, and I understood from them that, when the regiment was formed, some forty years ago, it contained but a small proportion of native-born Canadians, the majority of the rank-and-file hailing from the Old Country, many from Ireland, together with a sprinkling of Germans. However, the experiment is well worth trying.

The Lieut.-Colonel of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) has lost no time in appointing a successor to Mr. George Duncan, their late Regimental Sergeant-Major, who, as mentioned in *The Sketch* last week, is on his way to Sydney, to fulfil an important military engagement. Quartermaster-Sergeant Thomas Ross, who has been promoted to warrant rank, is a son of the late Dr. Ross, a well-known medical man in Elgin and the North of Scotland. Young Ross, like many another soldier, intended to be a doctor. He enlisted in 1883.

The unfortunate experiences of the native non-combatants during the Frontier War have had one good effect. In future, when Tommy goes campaigning he will have to shave himself, do his own cooking, and fetch and carry in many ways hitherto left to natives. An order has been issued that cooking is to be done by the soldier in India as at home. In many places closer to the equator this has always been the case, so there seems no reason why India should be excepted. The Russian soldier in similar latitudes has long done the menial work without a murmur, and the army with the least number of non-combatants must necessarily be the more mobile and efficient.

The accompanying photograph represents an old 9th Lancers man who was Lord Roberts' trumpeter on the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. Trumpeter Duly had fourteen years' service to his credit when he left the Army. For some years he has been doing "speciality" work in pantomime and at music-halls, and his "turn" is always a great success, ending, as it does, with his appearance in uniform. He sounds the "charge" and any other cavalry call that the audience may ask for. Trumpeter Duly has the Afghan medal with three clasps, "Charasiah," "Kabul, 1879," and "Kandahar, 1880," as well as the Kandahar Star. He sounded the "charge" no fewer than three times in one day. This was in the Chardah Valley, when the "Black Squadron" of the 9th were ordered to retake four British guns, which had been captured by the enemy. The charges were made on Dec. 11, 1879, but the pieces were not secured until a few more lancers and an escort of the 60th Ghurkas had come up as reinforcements. In the photograph Duly is represented sounding the trumpet, which is used for barrack work by the cavalry, the bugle being employed for field calls. By the way, Trumpet-Major Joy's bugle, which sounded the Balaclava Charge, sold for 750 guineas.

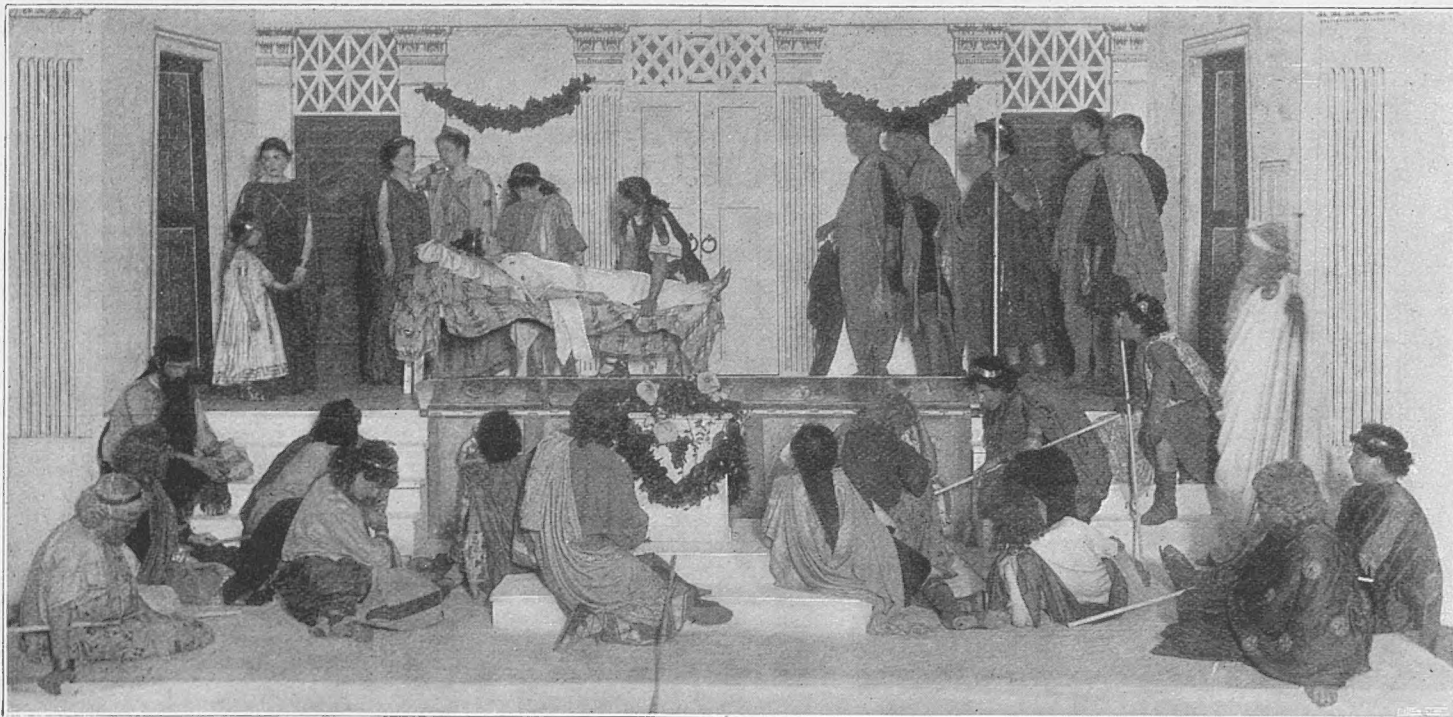


ONE OF LORD ROBERTS' TRUMPETERS.
Photo by Wood, Scarborough.

Though there were no fewer than three Highland chieftains at the annual dinner of the Inverness-shire Association in the Holborn Restaurant, not one of them had thought of donning the "garb of old Gaul" for the occasion. In fact, Highland costumes were noticeably scarce in the gathering, irreproachable black-and-white being almost paramount. The enjoyment of the banqueters was, however, not interfered with by the absence of sporrans and skeandhus, for toasts were enthusiastically pledged, the place was made to ring again with the

described the Camerons as ugly, red-haired, undersized robbers. "For a refutation of the adjectives, look at myself," Lochiel seemed to say, as he held his handsome figure erect, and "as for being robbers, why, we never did anything worse than lift other people's cattle, and there was no harm in that."

A series of performances of "The Alkestis" of Euripides in Greek has been given at the Edinburgh Academy. This is, in many respects, a

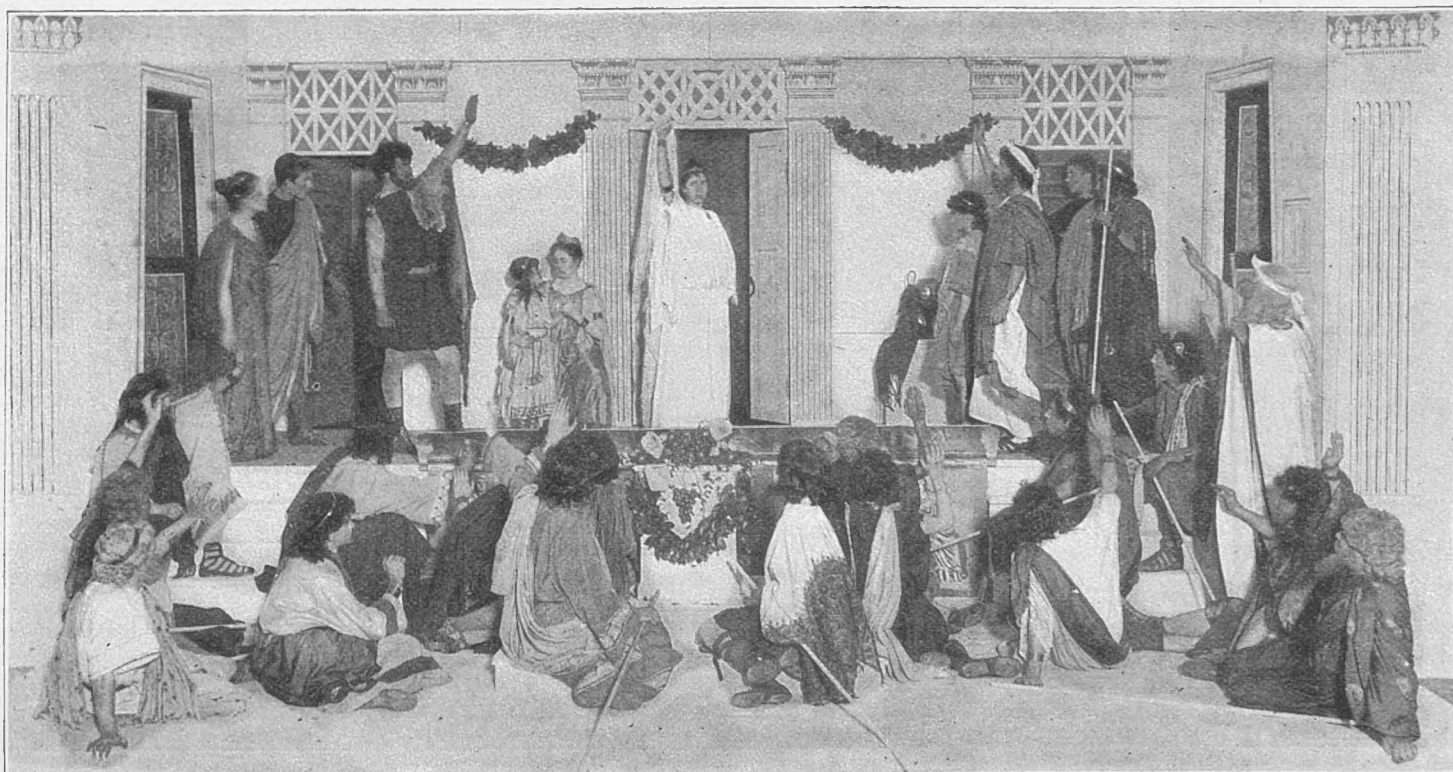


SCENE FROM "THE ALKESTIS," AT THE EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

shrill notes of boy pipers from the Caledonian Asylum, and the haggis was borne round the hall by a procession of, I fear, unsympathetic *chefs*. Quite a number of distinguished men were of the company, conspicuous among them that popular veteran Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, whose son, Captain Stewart, also present, has, it is said, laid out a golf course at Coomassie, where he is Resident Commissioner. Though not an orator, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, High Commissioner for Canada, whose heart turns fondly to his Highland home, made an excellent chairman, and alluded with pride to some other distinguished natives of Inverness-shire—to Sir Claude MacDonald, who is representing Britain in the Far East at this trying time; Major-General MacDonald, who entered the Army as a private, and is now in command of a brigade in the Soudan; and Lord Fincastle, who has received the Victoria Cross for his bravery on the North-West Frontier. Lochiel, the chief of the Cameron clan, mentioned that Mr. Andrew Lang had sent him a copy of the memoirs of a Hanoverian spy, who biliously

more difficult effort than the representation of "The Antigone," given in the same place three years ago. The main motive of the play, the devotion of a wife to her husband, is indeed, in itself, more suitable for a modern audience, but, when this devotion leads her to die in his stead, and he permits the sacrifice, it is difficult for us to avoid, towards the King, a feeling of repulsion. Yet probably no such intention was in the mind of the author. He took the story as he found it, that Apollon had promised Admetos a respite from death if another would take his place, worked out on this theme a delicate study in female character, and did not seek to bring too much into light the feelings that prompted Admetos to accept the sacrifice. This, at any rate, is the view taken in the presentation at the Academy, and it was worked out by Mr. Laming, who took the part of Admetos, with scholarly judgment and skill.

Alkestis is rescued from the hands of Death by Herakles, who arrives at the palace while she lies dead. Hospitality forbids that the stranger



SCENE FROM "THE ALKESTIS," AT THE EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOFFAT, EDINBURGH.

shall be sent away, and, in ignorance of the Queen's death, Herakles joyously revels within. Learning from one of the servants what has happened, he hastens after the funeral-procession, and, wresting the Queen from Death, brings her back veiled, declaring that she is a lady whom he won in a contest and wishes kept in the palace till his return. With much reluctance, Admetos consents, and then the discovery is made that it is his own wife rescued from the grave. The female characters were represented by ladies; the other parts, both in the dialogue and in the chorus, were taken by past or present members of the school and by masters.

Paris, that has always a sensation in hand, is absorbed to-day in the ambitions of Mdlle. Chauvin. This young woman would practise law in the French Courts, and has been denied by the Court of Appeals on the ground that law is tacitly recognised by the Code to be an exclusively virile profession. Public sympathy is enlisted. Whatever is the psychologic reason, people opposed to feminine progress take it as a personal injury that this girl, brilliantly endowed for the profession, should, having passed all the ante-chambers, be challenged by the cut of her garments at the door of the *sanctum sanctorum*. The unity of sentiment has brought the case before the Chamber of Deputies, where discussion will end, they say, in an amendment to the Code, specifying that the French Bar is open to applicants irrespective of sex. Whereat those so minded may ponder this quality of "virile," said to inhere in certain functions, dissolvable nevertheless by decree.

As for that other quality of consistency, imponderability misnamed, the Latin Quarter students at least know it for a hobgoblin of little minds. These, forgetting how the other day they chased the newly admitted women students from class, melted now in presence of labour done, in admiration of the delicious young woman with the great black eyes, the willowy figure, the rebellious curls, and the modest air, that knows not only all the algebra they do, but Cujas and the Pandects of Justinian besides.

Therefore the cafés are agog for the hour foreseen when at the Palais de Justice the presiding judge shall announce, "Mistress Chauvin, you have the floor." Then will a silhouette, delicate and fine, rise up from behind the bar, will a white hand issue from the voluminous doctor's robe, to raise the black toque set across the rebellious chestnut curls, and through the audience-hall, hushed as a church, a flute-like voice will cry, "Messieurs of the Court." In that day Paris, that always carries its idol to the pinnacle before toppling it over, will fall down and adore. Happy Mdlle. Chauvin! How many briefless barristers would like to see themselves thus trumpeted into notice; would almost consent to be of the proscribed sex, to have the compensation for all thus heaped on their sole head.

The latest fashionable freak in Paris is to wear a small gold ring on each finger of the left hand. From each of the rings goes a tiny gold chain, which is fixed to a medallion on the back of the hand, which is further kept in place by another chain to a bracelet worn on the wrist. This medallion contains a little dried spider, carefully preserved between glass and surrounded by pearls and diamonds, something in the fashion of the four-leaved clover of a season back. Unlike the clover, one cannot imagine a spider as a *porte-bonheur*, for, in the first place, nothing is more unlucky than to kill a spider. The charm, to be of any use to one at all, could only be worn after sunset, as everyone knows that it is very unlucky to see a spider in the morning, much less to wear one. But if you "see a spider at night, you're all right." The moral therefore is, that whoever invests in the new spider charm must never attempt to look at it or put it on until candle-light.

Through the kindly intervention of a female medium we hear that the last descendant of the house of Valois has been found in Paris. She declares that he is a man of seven-and-twenty, who is descended in the direct line from Saint Louis. This lucky individual was quite unaware of his high lineage until a short time ago, when the Angel Gabriel revealed it to him through the instrumentality of the medium. The proofs of his descent have reposed for centuries in a sealed casket, the whereabouts of which has not yet been disclosed; but when the hour is ripe the prophetess tells us that all will be brought to light, and the Elect will be placed on the throne of his ancestors.

In the big rooms of the Criminal Office in Paris, known as the Tomb, where all the documents relating to secret trials are stowed away, a whole regiment of cats is quartered by order of the Government to protect the papers from rats. These cats live in clover, and are commanded by a splendid tom-cat called Joseph, who is dead on rats. This place contains 109,800 *dossiers* of various trials, and the other day the last spare receptacle was occupied by the papers relating to the famous Panama case. The mass of documents was enormous and measured several yards in height. They were all bound together with strong cords and sealed carefully, and several men were required to carry the heavy load to its pigeon-hole.

Ancient landmarks in Paris are fast disappearing. Workmen are beginning to demolish the old building at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Quai d'Orsay, which was once the celebrated Café d'Orsay. The house was built in the year 1730 by Robert de Cotte, a pupil of Mansart's, for his own use. The next inhabitant was Augustin de Ferriol,

Comte d'Argentan, a friend of Voltaire's, who was also celebrated for his wild devotion to the beautiful Adrienne Lecouvreur. The Marquis de Chastellux, another great friend of Voltaire's, next occupied it, and then Alexandre de Talleyrand-Périgord, Archbishop of Paris. The present tenant, M. Pailleron, the well-known author of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," quits the old house with great regret.

A relic of regal glory displayed for some time lately in a Fleet Street window attracted considerable attention. The article was described as Napoleon's state chair, and came from the late Colonel North's Eltham home. The chair, however, was too suggestive, in its tinselly character and showy colour, of the early 'fifties to permit of association with the Great Napoleon; and the concealed music-boxes in the arms of the chair were certainly more in consonance with the Court of the Second Empire than with that of the great European war-lord. One is reminded, by the way, from the fact that the Empress Eugénie this week attains her seventy-second year, that to not a few of us the period of the Second Empire even is becoming ancient history.

It is not generally known to Parisians that there is a hospital for trees on the banks of the Seine near the Bois de Boulogne. It is there that all the trees uprooted from the Champs Elysées and the boulevards are taken to recover from the deleterious effects of the soil of the city.

M. Charles Cazalet, the founder of the Œuvre Bordelaise des Bains-douches à Bon Marché, delivered a lecture the other night in Paris on the necessity of taking baths. It appears that only one person in a thousand takes a bath in Paris, and he contends that the reason is that poor people cannot afford to pay sixty or seventy centimes every month at one or other of the public bath-rooms. He proposes therefore, to establish in the French capital bains-douches at fifteen centimes. These baths are greatly in favour in Bordeaux.

The Versailles Museum has acquired many interesting pictures lately. Among them is a portrait by Poslin of the Dauphin, the father of Louis XIV.; another is a curious old picture, "The First Remonstrances of Parliament to the Young King Louis XV.," by an unknown painter. There is a beautiful pastel which belonged to Marie Antoinette and represents her sister, the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria. Besides this, M. Chasseriau, son of the famous painter, has just offered to the museum a large canvas by his father representing the "Khalifat of Constantine," which was the great picture of the Salon of 1845. Some time ago, M. de Nolham, in exploring some of the deserted wings of the palace, came across a delicious little statuette by Pigalle, which bore on the base the inscription, "Offert à Mesdames de France par la Ville de Paris."

The Louvre galleries have lately been enriched by a beautiful painting of Piero della Francesca's, for which they have had to pay the nice little sum of £5200. At first the committee rather demurred, and refused to give more than £4000; but the vendor held to his price, and then the new Society of the Friends of the Louvre came forward and generously offered to find the remaining twelve hundred pounds.

There are only two women's clubs existing in Paris at present, the Cénacle des Femmes and the Ladies' Club. The Ladies' Club was founded in 1896 in the Rue Duperré, and has another branch which is more used for social gatherings in the Boulevard Malesherbes. The chief aim of this club is to bring together women who lead lonely lives. References and introductions are required before anyone can be elected, and the candidate has to submit to be examined and questioned by the committee. The subscription is a very moderate one. The Cénacle des Femmes was formed chiefly with the idea of providing amusement and society for women studying music or painting in Paris, irrespective of nationality. It was opened in 1896 by Madame Gravelot in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and is, I believe, an excellent institution. The subscription is merely nominal.

Among the latest announcements of fashionable marriages is that of M. Anatole Joseph Deibler, son of the public executioner of Paris, with Mdlle. Rosalie Rogis. Young Deibler is his father's assistant, and he and his *fiancée* have known each other from childhood. Mdlle. Rogis is a bright, little, dark-haired girl who does not seem to have any distaste for her future husband's vocation, and report says that the couple are desperately in love with one another.

I hear that Count Tolstoi is on the point of bringing out a new book. The fiftieth anniversary of his career as a journalist and writer will shortly be celebrated by his admirers, whose number is legion. A school bearing his name will be founded at Moscow as one token of esteem on this occasion. Tolstoi is an honorary member of all the Russian Universities and correspondent of the Imperial Academy of Sciences.

The workers at the Gobelins factory are hard at work repairing the ancient and magnificent tapestries belonging to the Cathedral of Rheims and the town of Beaugency. Among the new pieces they are engaged on is a beautiful tapestry representing Queen Marie Antoinette and her children, which is being executed by order of the President. It is destined for one of the great Sovereigns of Europe, who expressed to M. Faure some time ago a wish to possess a tapestry representing that subject.

"THE ALKESTIS," AT THE EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

Photographs by Moffat, Edinburgh.



KORUPHAÏOS (MR. G. D. KNOX).



ALKESTIS (MISS DUNCAN).



ADMETOS (MR. CECIL LAMING).



THE CUPBEARER (MR. P. J. FORD).

The Houbara Bustard (*Otis undulata*) is a resident of North-East Africa, where it is found on sandy plains where patches of grass or bush afford it shelter. It is an exceedingly shy bird, but, being accustomed to the sight of camels and donkeys, is easily shot by the sportsman who



HOUBARA BUSTARD.

Photo by Medland, Finchley, N.

"feels his way" cautiously up to the flock. The Arab chiefs, who are great falconers, have a high opinion of the houbara (which, by the way, is the Arabic name for the bird), and consider it the finest feathered quarry at which their hawks can be flown. The nest is a mere scratching in the soil, and in this the hen bustard hatches out four or five eggs. It is an occasional visitor to the countries of Southern Europe, having been shot in Spain and Italy. The closely allied Macqueen's Bustard, which until recently was regarded as a local variety inhabiting Western Asia, has been killed in England on two occasions. A specimen which was shot last October in Yorkshire was described as looking like a big owl when on the wing. The Zoological Society have examples of both these bustards, as well as the much larger Great Bustard.

The Jackass Penguin, more respectfully known as *Spheniscus Magellanicus*, is one of Nature's unconscious humorists. The Chilians call him *el pajarito niño*—the "little boy bird," and if you watch the penguins in their enclosure near the seal-pond in the "Zoo" you recognise the aptness of the name. It was rather unjust to give this particular penguin a title suggesting stupidity, as the jackass is the only member of the family which takes any pains to secure its eggs from foes; whereas other penguins lay their one or two eggs on the bare ground, this species nests in a burrow, sometimes at the end of a tunnel twenty feet long. When enjoying undisturbed rest, the penguins sit up on their tails with their beaks pointing skywards, as though absorbed in contemplation of the heavens, an attitude which invests the bird with a singularly idiotic appearance. The penguins roost lying flat on the ground, and, when swimming or diving, trail their feet idly behind, using only the powerful flappers for propulsion.



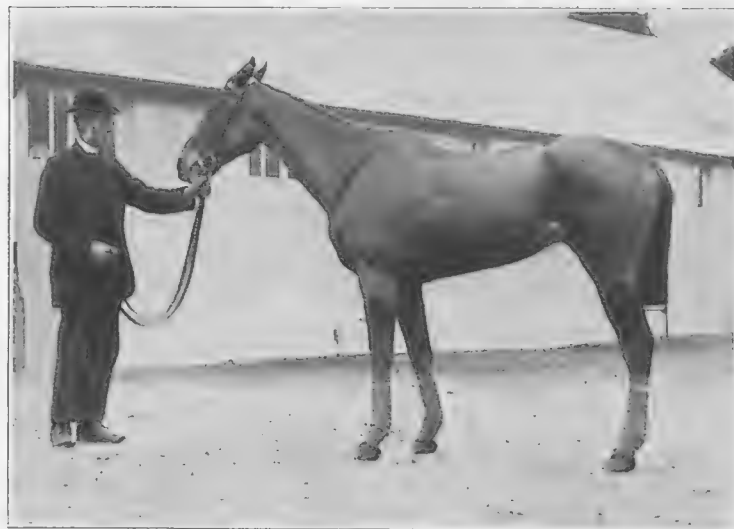
JACKASS PENGUIN.

Photo by Medland, Finchley, N.

I have been calculating that I know nearly half-a-dozen girls' hockey clubs, and, on the strength of the fact, I am forced to the conclusion that hockey is to supersede all other sports in feminine favour. I am glad to be able to arrive at a conclusion, even though it be incorrect, for the question of the girls' sport in the future has always

been an interesting one to me. In the old days I thought it would be cricket, and I joined in many a match in which we boys, playing left-handed and with broom-handles instead of bats, beat the girls very badly indeed. Then, again, I found that girls did not play the game fairly. They knew more about their own charms than they did about the rules of cricket, as I found to my cost when I once captained a team of left-handed broom-handling boys against a bevy of fairies who really thought they could play. At the time, I was in my teens, and took myself and my surroundings very seriously, so that the events of the match weighed upon me, and the incident I will relate comes back as clearly, even now, as though it occurred only yesterday.

We had gone in first, and, thanks to "Mr. Extras," whose score was nearly half-a-hundred, had put together a very good total. I had instructed the team to steal short runs, knowing that girls can't aim straight, and the overthrows were fast and furious. When the girls went in they made a bit of a stand, because we had to bowl with the left hand and field with one hand only. I was keeping wicket when the captain of the other side came in; she had fluffy hair, the most impudent face in the world, and a smile that set me wondering whether the authorities at her school could ever be angry if she did not know her lessons. "Where is it safest to hit?" she asked me, after she had received "middle," and, feeling very guilty and uncomfortable, I told her to hit towards cover-point, because, as girls always hit straight forward or towards the "on" side, I had the right very thinly guarded. The last ball of her first over came to the right; she hit out blindly, after the fashion of girls playing cricket, the ball grazed the bat and came into my hands. Quick as thought, she turned round. "Don't appeal," she whispered; "I do want a nice innings!" And I, guilty wretch that I was, threw the ball to the bowler at my end, moved down the pitch as though nothing had happened, and the umpire called "Over." We won the match, none the less, and, before we left



THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL WINNER, DROGHEDA.

the ground, she shook hands with me, and whispered, "Thank you so much!"; but I took a long time to forgive myself. No, girls don't shine at cricket, football is obviously impossible, boxing is only for girls at third-rate music-halls, golf they don't take to; so only hockey is left, and that, I believe, is destined to become very popular.

An Irish horse has again done the trick, for Mr. C. G. M. Adam's six-year-old Drogheda (by Cherry Ripe out of Eglantine) won the Grand National. The race was run in a regular snowstorm.

Several times before I have painfully transcribed, for the edification of readers of *The Sketch*, the dreadfully outlandish or cosmopolitan names of various children or grown-up persons, but now I think I have made a "record find." I refer to the sad case of an inhabitant of Boston, Massachusetts, called Samuel Francis, who, as an ardent and, indeed, "omnivorous" linguist, has bestowed upon his four young children some polyglot names with which I am almost sorry to try the patience of the long-suffering compositor. The eldest child is called Attai Zazi Princea Poepatia Ziesweiss Rowenski; not quite so alarming is the baptismal appellation of the second, Iris Olga Pascadena Gonzalesca Rewna; but the third and fourth are jaw-breaking indeed. How, for instance, would you like to be known as Hasmin Jalilal Alam Akamaldin Rahmin Sida Ranavalona (from Madagascar, I note) Abdul Ahad Menclik (the name of the Abyssinian Negus) Faysal Bin Phrabat Somdet Phra-Alex-Abbas Khodadal San Hannibal Sheriaiga Zitousen Augustine Edgar, or as Charles Henry Edward Menes Sida Andohohatangatenafly Alamakahawenetikinajutsisan Tsemanapitsotranjarwonakavohaza Chinka Chala Hamadoc? Now we shan't be long!—at least, my poor right arm hopes not.

If certain statistics published on the subject may be believed, each inhabitant of Munich on an average consumes a hundred gallons of beer yearly. At Prague he drinks only thirty-five, at Berlin thirty-two, at Nuremberg sixty, while the moderate Parisian drinks but two.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



"WHANNE THAT APRILLE WITH HIS SHOURES SWETE."

she described must, one would have thought, have roused the whole household; and, besides, no one had any motive, that I could see, for practising such a cowardly joke. No, that notion was obviously absurd; and, to my mind at least, the alternative theory that the noises had a supernatural meaning was equally unlikely. Observe, I don't say ridiculous. Such warnings of what the future has in store for us *may* be given sometimes, though, myself, I don't believe it. Still, it is a problem of the unknown, so I don't dogmatise; the man who does that is a fool.

The only result of my meditations was that my morning's work was spoiled. Recognising that without further information it was useless to attempt a solution of the puzzle, I tried to dismiss it from my mind, and applied myself resolutely to the acquisition of medical knowledge; but my attention wandered. The "Diseases of Children" proved quite inadequate to wean my thoughts from Minnie Drummond and her coffin-nails, so I closed my book with a bang and made some appropriately forcible remarks.

"Ah, Monsieur Peetare," said a voice at the door, "how you frightened me! I did not think there was anybody here. Shall I run away and leave you with those dreadful books?"

"Certainly not, Mademoiselle," I replied gaily. "Stay and talk to me instead, if you will."

"Of course I will, if you want me. But you look so fierce, Monsieur. What is the matter?"

"I look fierce? An unpardonable aspect in your presence. See, I'm all smiles now."

"Ah, yes; you smile with your lips, but your eyes do not have the smile. You are in trouble, Monsieur." And she nodded her head at me gravely.

"And you're a witch," I replied. "I confess I'm bothered."

"Is it the books?" she asked with a sympathetic sigh, pointing to my respectable volumes, and pretending to shiver.

"No," I laughed. "They're heavy, but I have a good digestion. It's something else—something I'm afraid may be serious."

She came into the summer-house, sat down beside me, and, folding her hands on her lap, turned to me with a beseeching look of distress. "Monsieur Peetare, can I do anything?"

Ought I to tell her? I wondered. She might be able to throw some light on the puzzle, and, as Mossy had not said I was to keep the thing a secret, I didn't see that my speaking could do any harm.

"I don't know," I said doubtfully; "perhaps you can."

"Ah, that is nice! Tell me."

"What's the matter with Miss Drummond?"

"With Minnie? Then you have heard. Who is it who told you? Did she?"

"No," I said; "my brother told me. But I see you know what I refer to. Is someone playing a trick on her?"

"A trick? *Ciel*, no! It is no trick. It is Death!"

"What? Nonsense, Mademoiselle! Pardon my rudeness."

"Yes, I pardon; but, all the same, it is true. I know."

"You know?" I said, puzzled by her mysterious manner.

"Yes; I know. It is the Tapping of Death. She has heard it, and she will die. It is very sad."

"Isn't it also just a little bit ridiculous, Mademoiselle?" I said sharply.

I had allowed myself to be rude once, and this was a second offence. She sprang to her feet, but it was not anger that I saw in her face; it was something worse—the wild light of prophecy. Her eyes gleamed, and she spoke with a breathless haste; and as I listened I shivered, as a man does when a cold wind strikes him.

"Ah, you men, you have not the soul! You say ridiculous, absurd—pah!—just because you do not understand. None the less, it is true, and she will die. My poor Minnie will soon be nothing more than a memory; and your brother—ah, I grieve for his sorrow!—he loves her and he shall lose her. Death, the awful Death, has sent the summons, and no one can stay long when once his tapping has been heard. I, Thérèse Domry, tell it you; and I know."

She stopped, and I, though I thought she was talking nonsense, was cowed by her manner, and had nothing to say. Presently she went on, but without her former fire—

"You wonder why I say that I know; well, I will tell you. It is because I have seen it before, in Paris. It was my sister, my little sister Héloïse, whom I loved. She heard just what Minnie Drummond hears—the tapping of Death on the coffin-lid; and, Monsieur, she died."

"Great heavens!" I cried; "do you mean to tell me that she died just because she thought she heard that noise? She must have had some illness."

Mdlle. Domry shrugged her shoulders. "Death called her, so she died."

"But what did the doctor say?"

"The physician? Ah, he stroked his chin thoughtfully, and said she had died of fright, and that it was a most interesting case. But it is all one, Monsieur."

"All one!" I exclaimed warmly; "it seems to me that it's all nonsense, and that your physician was a fool. Pardon the question, Mademoiselle, but have you suggested any of these fancies to Miss Drummond?"

"I told her about my sister Héloïse."

"Then, allow me to say that you have done very wrong."

"Why, Monsieur, you would not have her go unprepared? I tell you, she must die."

"Nonsense!" I said, again allowing my irritation to get the better of my politeness.

"Yes, utter nonsense!" echoed a voice at the door of the summer-house, "and I'm surprised to hear such an absurd opinion from Mdlle. Domry's lips."

She turned round quickly. "Ah, it is Monsieur Drummond!"

"Yes," he replied gravely, "it is Mr. Drummond. Olsson, may I have a word with you, if Mademoiselle will excuse us?"

"But certainly," she said sweetly. "You gentlemen have secrets; I will run away. Adieu, Messieurs," and she dropped us a curtsy and went.

Mr. Drummond waited till she was out of earshot before speaking. Then he asked me abruptly which of the Edinburgh doctors I would advise him to consult.

"For whom?" I asked. "Yourself?"

"For my daughter. From the few words I overheard of your conversation just now, I gather that you have been told about these mysterious noises she hears. She has unfortunately got hold of the absurd idea that they are supernatural in nature, and, between you and me, I imagine Mdlle. Domry is at the bottom of that notion. Minnie isn't the sort of girl who would be likely to take such fancies unless they were suggested to her. She's ill, though, there's no doubt about that, and, though the doctor makes light of it, and hints vaguely at indigestion, I'm not satisfied, and should like an Edinburgh opinion. Can you advise me?"

"There's my uncle," I suggested.

"Of course! Why didn't I think of him? Will you give me his address? He would come, I suppose?"

"I'll fetch him, if you like."

"Will you really? But wouldn't it be too obvious? I don't want to alarm Minnie, you see."

"I can say I am going to fetch my microscope. I do happen to want it."

"I shall be awfully obliged to you if you will. When can you go?"

"This afternoon."

"Very well. Wire the train you return by, and I'll send the trap to meet you. Thanks awfully!"

At lunch I took the opportunity of announcing, in as casual a tone as possible, that I was going to Edinburgh, explaining that I had forgotten to pack my microscope with the other luggage. Mossy chaffed me on my forgetfulness—he never let slip a chance of doing that—but, to my relief, it did not occur to any of them to suggest that it could just as well be sent for, and I congratulated myself on getting off so easily. I had reckoned, however, without Mdlle. Domry.

When lunch was over I strolled into the conservatory to have a smoke before starting for the station. She followed me, and, taking a light wicker chair, planted it just opposite to where I was sitting. Then she sat down, and, resting her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, stared at me steadily, with a reproachful look on her face. I saw she was annoyed, and that she meant to show it; but I had an easy conscience, so I puffed quietly at my cigar and waited for her to speak.

"Monsieur is a man," she declared at length, with a slightly sarcastic tone.

I admitted the accusation.

"Therefore, Monsieur forgets his promises; he is *perfid*."

This was too bad. I didn't know what I had done to deserve such a judgment, and I said so.

"You forget! You did not promise to take me, Thérèse Domry, for a walk up the banks of the River Feendhorn this afternoon? Ah, but you did! And now you say you must go to Edinburgh—for what? For a microscope! And I—bah! I am nothing! You do not care."

And then, to my horror, this incomprehensible person actually began to sob. What could I do?

"Mademoiselle Domry," I cried; "Thérèse, for Heaven's sake, don't do that! I can't stand it."

"Then you will take me for the walk you promised?" she asked eagerly, smiling through her tears.

"Yes—when I return from Edinburgh," I said soothingly; a distinct concession on my part, seeing that I certainly had *not* promised to take her up the Fendhorn banks. I should never have thought of even proposing such a thing.

Her face fell. "But you said to-day."

I shook my head. I was quite sure I had said no such thing.

"Don't go to Edinburgh, Peetare—Monsieur Peetare, I mean."

"Never mind correcting yourself," said I, flattered by her slip.

"Peter will do quite well."

"Then, Peetare, don't go."

"Sorry, I must," I replied, and meant it, too.

She moved her chair nearer to me. The situation was becoming interesting. "What beautiful blue eyes you have, Peetare!"

"Good heavens!" I shouted, and fled precipitately from the conservatory. A peal of satirical laughter from Mademoiselle followed me.

I had gone some distance down the path when I turned and saw her standing at the door, angrily shaking her fist at me; and it struck me that there was a look of intense disappointment on her face.

I went to Edinburgh, got my microscope—the ostensible object of my journey, and saw my uncle—the real object. He promised to follow me to Forres next day.

That conversation with Mdlle. Domry in the conservatory puzzled me. It was perfectly obvious that she had some strong reason for



PIERROT RELIGIEUX.

DRAWN BY ETHEL REED.

wishing to keep me away from Edinburgh. The fiction about a walk up the Findhorn banks, and the—well, the other episodes of the conversation, showed that plainly enough. But what *was* her reason? I had to give it up.

Vainly worrying over the thing for the fiftieth time, I took my seat in an empty carriage of the North train. Just as we were starting the door was opened and a lady jumped in. The carriage was a "smoking," and I turned to have a look at the invader on my smoky solitude. It was Mademoiselle!

"Monsieur does not seem very glad to have me for a travelling companion," she said gaily. "No; do not put out your cigar. I have intruded; I must let you smoke."

I took her at her word, and kept my cigar lit. "This is a pleasant surprise," I declared. "What has brought you to Edinburgh?"

She laughed. "What is it that brought you, Monsieur?"

"You know," I said; "my microscope."

"Ah, yes, of course! Well, the same thing has brought me, too."

I stared at her in astonishment.

"Quite true," she said, nodding and smiling in evident amusement at my bewildered look. "You came for your microscope, and I—I came to see that you got it. In a word, Monsieur, I have been spying on you."

"The deuce you have!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, isn't it funny? Ah, do not say it was a liberty, and that you are angry with your little Thérèse." And she burst into a fit of half-hysterical laughter.

"You are an enigma, Mademoiselle," I said in despair.

"Monsieur flatters me; I puzzle him, do I? And yet, Monsieur Peetare, I can—what you call—see through you easily; yes, quite easily." And she gave me another of those irritating nods.

"I congratulate you," I replied drily. "May I ask what you see?"

"That you did not come to Edinburgh for your microscope."

"Pardon me; I have it in this bag."

"Monsieur, I am not a fool. I followed you to the great surgeon's—your uncle. He will come to Forres presently to cure Minnie."

"Upon my word," I said, with some amount of annoyance, "you seem to have studied the art of shadowing."

"Yes, I can spy. But it will be useless."

"What will be useless?"

"He need not come. Minnie will be dead before he arrives."

"You think so? I don't share your alarm, Mademoiselle."

She dropped her bantering tone. Her eyes blazed, and she drew her lips back, showing her teeth like a dog as she spoke. "Alarm! I have no alarm; it is the one thing I wish. I hate her! And I will tell you why—because your brother loves her. Ah, you start! Did you think it was you I cared for, then? No, no, Monsieur Peetare; it is your brother that I love; and because she has taken his love from me I hate Minnie Drummond. And so I tell you she will die."

I burst out laughing. I could not help it. "Really," I said, "you're not very logical. Because you hate her she will die! I am thankful to say it doesn't follow. Fortunately there are limits to the power of even hatred."

"Not to a hatred like mine."

I jumped out of my seat. "Great heavens!" I shouted, "do you threaten her?"

She smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Mademoiselle," I insisted, "answer my question: do you presume to threaten?"

"Yes," she hissed, "I do. And I will tell you another thing. I am learning to hate you too."

"That's a relief, anyway," I said contemptuously. "Your hatred, at least, is no disgrace; but after what you have told me—"

"My love would be? You did not think so yesterday, Peetare." And she gave me an arch look which, after the sentiments I had just heard her express, was positively revolting.

"We need not continue this discussion," I said stiffly.

"As Monsieur wishes. It does not interest me."

The next hour or so of our journey was passed in silence. Mdlle. Domry read, or pretended to read, a yellow-backed novel, and I made a strenuous effort to fix my thoughts on a medical work I had brought with me. Naturally I failed, so, after leaving Perth, I gave up the attempt and directed my attention to the scenery we were passing through, without allowing myself even to glance at my travelling companion to see how she was employing herself. She kept very quiet, and, as I heard no noise of pages being turned, I fancied she was asleep, but I did not look. I made another effort to study my medical work, and gradually the monotonous rumble of the train and the equally monotonous sentences of my author had their natural effect, and I began to doze. Not for long, however; a sensation of something cold and damp, like a wet sponge, being laid gently on my face caused me to wake with a shiver.

I opened my eyes, and a sharp cry from Mdlle. Domry effectually chased away my dreams. She saw that I was awake, and with nervous energy pressed me down in my seat and tried to hold the clammy thing firmly over my mouth. There was a sickly scent in my nostrils, and in a moment it flashed upon me that if I valued my life I must fight for it. Mademoiselle's muscles were not puny, and she had the added strength which, in moments of excitement, hysteria gives to a woman; but I had wakened before the ether had had time to steal away my energy, and, after a short struggle, I overcame her. I flung the wet handkerchief out of the window, and lay back in my corner of the carriage, panting.

With a low, moaning cry, Mademoiselle dashed back to her seat, seized her hand-bag, took out the ether-bottle, and poured the whole of its

contents over the front of her own dress. Then she too lay back in her corner, and looked steadily at me with half-closed eyes and a suspicion of a smile playing round the corners of her mouth.

I jumped to my feet. I had fought with her for my own life; now I must fight for hers. I hurriedly let down the window-sashes on both sides of the carriage and drove the end of my bag through all the fixed panes, to get as thorough a draught as possible. Then I carried Mademoiselle, on whom the ether was already beginning to take effect, to the window, and held her so that the fresh breeze played upon her face. The air revived her and kept the fumes of the anæsthetic from getting to her nostrils, and in a very short time she was herself again, and my work began in earnest. I have said that she was strong, and it was no light task to hold her there till the ether should all have evaporated. She struggled, and I struggled; and I was beginning to think that I should have to give in after all, when I noticed that the heavy smell of the drug was not quite so overpoweringly strong as it had been. I felt the front of her dress, which a few minutes before had been saturated with the ether; it was nearly dry! The danger was over, and so, with an unnecessary roughness (of which, all things considered, I am not in the least ashamed), I pushed her back on to the seat, and went to see whether I had damaged my bag by using it as a battering-ram to break the windows.

Mdlle. Domry lay for a few minutes without moving; and then suddenly she put her face in her hands and began to sob violently, her whole body heaving and shivering with the convulsive gasps. I had seen her do that before, but she was not acting this time. I whistled a tune, and took no notice of her.

"Monsieur," she cried presently, "you are cruel, cruel, cruel! and I—I am the most miserable. Why did you not let me die?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," I replied coolly. "Perhaps I ought, as you had just before tried to murder me. Murder and suicide, both attempted in the space of five minutes—really the public has a right to feel annoyed with me for depriving them of two sensational tragedies. I don't know though that you share in that right, Mdlle. Domry."

"Cruel, cruel!" she moaned again; and then, with sudden passion, "Monsieur, I hate you!"

"You're welcome," I said curtly.

"And I will foil you yet."

"It shall be my business to see that you don't," I replied; "so pray don't excite yourself needlessly."

With the exception of a slight altercation with the station-master at Kingussie on the subject of the broken windows, the rest of our journey to Forres was without incident.

The Drummond Lodge trap was waiting for us at the station. Just as we were putting our things into it, Mdlle. Domry suddenly cried, "My umbrella! I have left it in the train!" and rushed back on to the platform.

I followed. I did not mean to lose sight of her.

The train was beginning to move. She ran to the carriage we had occupied, and began pulling at the door-handle. I pushed her aside, opened the carriage-door and jumped in. I could not see the umbrella anywhere, so, as the train was rapidly increasing its speed, I made haste to jump out again. It is a dangerous operation, but I had had plenty of practice on the Edinburgh trams, so I managed to escape without hurt, though I was carried a long way up the platform.

When I turned round, Mdlle. Domry was gone!

I rushed out of the station, just in time to see the Drummond Lodge trap turning the corner and Mdlle. Domry waving me a derisive farewell. What was I to do? If I let her get home before I had time to warn the Drummonds against her, there was no knowing what she might do. I thought of her threats in the railway-carriage, and trembled for Minnie's safety. I must pursue her; so I got a dogcart and a *fast* horse at a livery stable. We had barely gone two miles when, turning a sharp corner, we saw the Lodge trap just in front of us. The horse was walking, and the coachman was alone in the trap.

"Where's Mdlle. Domry?" I shouted.

"Mebbe half-a-mile through the wood," said the coachman. "She tell't me to go slow, and you'd catch me up, most like."

"Where has she gone?" I asked in dismay. This new move baffled me.

"Walkin' hame."

"Walking home!" I exclaimed. "Is there a short cut, then?"

"No, the road's the nearest way. It'll tak' her a good hour or mair afore she's hame."

I was completely at fault, and could not ever guess what the significance of this move might be; but there was nothing to be gained by dawdling, so I paid my livery-stable man the ruinous sum I had promised and drove rapidly home in the Drummonds' trap.

Mossy and I were sitting after dinner smoking in the billiard-room—a glass and iron structure standing a little way apart from the house—and discussing my adventure in the train, when the butler brought me a telegram which had been sent up from the town by a mounted messenger.

"Hullo!" I exclaimed; "it's from my uncle. What does he mean? Don't understand your wire. Do you want me to come? But I didn't send him any wire."

"No," cried my brother; "but Mdlle. Domry did it for you. That's why she left the trap and struck through the woods. It's as plain as charades. Tell you what, Pet, I admire your Frenchy."

"By Jove!" said I, "I believe you're right! What shall we do?"

"Reply at once. There's just time before the office closes."

I sent back the following answer: *Come whatever you may hear.*

Disregard all other messages purporting to come from me. Check to me, I thought; but what would be her next move? It would take more than a trifle to stop her, I knew.

"What's that?" cried my brother suddenly. "Did you see it?"

"No. Where? What was it?"

"A face at the window! Come on!"

He rushed out into the garden, and I followed. We caught a glimpse of someone dodging behind the bushes, gave chase, and captured—Mademoiselle. We took her to Mr. Drummond's study, sent for him, and held a court-martial. At least, we meant to, but Mdlle. Domry took the proceedings pretty much into her own hands.

"Messieurs," she said, bowing to us, and laughing as if the whole thing were a joke, "I confess myself beaten. But you are all fools—all of you. Ah, no!" she added, quickly turning to me, "not all—Peetare is not a fool, for he has thwarted me; and that is a proof of wisdom, *n'est-ce pas, Messieurs?* But Peetare, *mon beau Peetare*, have you never heard of Menière's disease? Ah, you start, you frown; you call yourself stupid! Simple, is it not? And your uncle, the great surgeon, will come; and when he sees Minnie he will laugh at you for not knowing

not wonder; and yet—it was for you that I did it. I wanted your love, and she was in the way."

We locked Mdlle. Domry into her room for the night, to keep her secure until we had decided how to act.

Next morning I took her down to the station and saw her off to London, on her way to France. We let her go on the understanding that, if we ever heard of her crossing the Channel again, we should prosecute her for the attempt to murder me in the train. She agreed to the terms, saying that she knew when she was beaten.

Her diagnosis of Minnie's case was confirmed by my uncle: a simple tonic of iron and arsenic was all that was required. The engagement with my brother Mossy is now a public one. I don't think it will be a long one.

ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW PLAY.

"The Countess Valeska," by Rudolph Stratz, now playing at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, does not accurately portray the



A PICTURESQUE SCENE FROM "THE COUNTESS VALESKA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

what was wrong with her. You will have to work hard, Peetare, to pass in your exam.!"

"What on earth is she talking about, Olsson?" exclaimed Mr. Drummond.

"Merely pointing out what a thick-headed ass I've been!" I answered; and I could have kicked myself.

"No, no, Peetare; do not say so! Confess, rather, how clever I was to lead you astray. I told you I had seen it before, in Paris, my sister Héloïse—coffin nails! Ha, ha! I am my sister Héloïse. I heard those sounds; but I did not die. The French physician was not such a fool, after all. He told me I had got what is called Menière's disease. A sort of cold in the ear, is it not, mon Peetare? Minnie has it, too; a strange humming and tapping sound in the ears, which it only required a little suggestion from me to turn into the Tapping of Death, eh, Monsieur? Yes, it is so, and I think I do hate you a little bit, Peetare, for, if you had not meddled, she would have died. I would have frightened her to death! Ah, you clench your fist, and Monsieur Drummond, too, looks very angry. I will say no more. What are you going to do with me, Messieurs?"

"Hang you, I hope," said my brother savagely.

She turned and looked at him, and there was an almost wistful light in her eyes. "You are angry because of your fiancée," she said. "I do

Walewska of history, but it presents a powerful story of passion for all that. Napoleon is a mere lay-figure in the piece, but even his presentation by a "super" is declared to be enough to thrill our playgoing cousins, and to suggest at once a romantic atmosphere. It is hinted that, if the author had chosen to give Buonaparte his own historical rôle in the Walewska tragedy, he might have outdone "The Conquerors" in unsavoury detail. This, of course, is probable enough, for Napoleon's brutish pursuit of Walewska, and her ultimate yielding to him to save her country, could have been handled objectionably enough. Such stories, as we know from "The Cenci," yield high dramatic possibilities, but are more for the study than the theatre. Rudolph Stratz, however, has made a fine play without resorting for a leading motive to Napoleon's hard condition. Countess Valeska of the play has two love-affairs, the first with a Prussian, Achin von Lohde, the second with the Marquis von Sturmell, an officer of Napoleon's staff, but patriotism is the strongest note in her character. She sacrifices her lover to love of country, and for this has not, it seems, won the entire approbation of New Yorkers; albeit the woman who can make such a sacrifice is superbly played by Miss Julia Marlowe. Her Valeska is, in fact, considered the finest impersonation she has yet achieved. The critics have regretted that it has come at a moment when Paul Potter's much-debated "Morality" holds the boards and the public attention at a neighbouring house.

THE PALACE THEATRE.

Is the ballet doomed? I ask this question because it is understood that the Alhambra proposes very shortly to abandon that form of entertainment. They will not be ill-advised in so doing, if one may judge by the crowded audience which gathered together at the Palace Theatre the other evening to see the American Biograph, the Automatic Theatre, and a number of delightful singers and dancers, making up the most extraordinarily varied entertainment that can possibly be desired. The American Biograph has recently added a number of new features, the panoramic view of Conway, on the London and North-Western Railway, taken from the front of an express-train, being quite the most remarkable thing of the kind in the way of a cinematographic picture. The Automatic Theatre is a novelty which excited an immense amount of merriment, and Mr. Gus Elen is the born comedian, as ever, although his present songs are not so good as some of his old favourites.

"La Gitana," the Countess Mariucciade Sylvia, the very pretty and attractive Spanish dancer, is also again in the bill, having filled a very successful engagement at the Folies Bergère since her first appearance in London last November. She is half-Spanish and half-Hungarian, and a native of Buda-Pesth, and, though she was almost entirely educated in Austria, she has lived a great deal in Spain, and there acquired a love for and knowledge of its fascinating dances. From childhood she took to dancing, and has never had a lesson, though she practises constantly and can execute the most intricate Boleros, Sevillianas, Petteneras, and El Oles as easily as she can walk; and she is especially fond of the last-named, for it is a graceful dance, executed with much use of the mantilla. As a child,



"LA GITANA" AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

she was constantly dancing for the amusement of her parents and friends and also in "charity's name"; but she never danced in public or professionally until she came to London and the Palace last autumn; and, strange to say, when she first called upon Mr. Morton, he assured her that he was "full up" until Easter, but, on being persuaded to see her dance, he at once found room for her in his bill. At that time she was associated in her dances with Mdle. Velasco, but since has visited Spain and brought back a native toreador with her. La Comtesse won the first prize at one of the Covent Garden Balls, her dress being a Spanish one, "made in Paris."

"Mignonette" is a very clever dancer. I learn that she is a native of Chester, Pennsylvania, where she was born in 1880. Yet, despite her age, she made her first appearance on the stage some fifteen years ago, at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, where she came out of an egg in a transformation-scene. For nearly three years she was a most popular little pantomime sprite, but when five her mother took her off the stage to send her to school, and two years later took her abroad in order that she might study dancing under the best masters in Paris, Vienna, and Moscow. On her return to America, she again went to school for some years, and then she studied dancing in New York, under Signor Rossi, one of the best teachers on that side of the Atlantic. "Mignonette" is a hard worker and very original, and of all styles of dancing she admires the Hungarian the most highly, and, though a past-mistress in all sorts of ballet-dancing, she thinks it is too stiff for solo work;

nor does she incline towards step, clog, or sand dances, but is devoted to purely original and graceful gyrations, for which she is as much dependent upon her accompaniment as any singer.



"MIGNONETTE" AS A CLOG-DANCER.

Photo by Hana, Strand.



"MIGNONETTE" ON TIP-TOE.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT.

It is an ancient and a very charming art that Mr. H. O. Tanosuké is endeavouring to introduce to Londoners; and, to judge from the interest displayed by those who pass his window in the Brompton Road in the examples of Japanese flower-arrangement it contains, his efforts are pretty certain to be crowned with success. The earliest system of arrangement known was named *Shin-no-hana*, and consisted in the massing of flowers round a stiff vertical stem. It still survives to a certain extent, but others have become vastly more popular, and of these perhaps the most generally popular is that known as *Enshiun*.

The Japanese, as every student of their art must be aware, have always had a special delight in beautiful arrangements of line. Their dances show this, each being only a series of lovely arrangements of the sort; their pictures show it, and in their decorative use of flowers the same thing is to be noted.

It must be understood that with them the word "flower" has a much wider significance than with us. It hardly ever means the blossom alone; it usually implies a whole branch, with flowers and leaves; and, as often as not, the Japanese artist is content to use a spray of juniper, or pine, or maple. These are cut and trimmed, and sometimes bent, for there are many ways of distributing the main lines in any arrangement, but all these ways have been found out by earlier professors of the art, and are rigidly adhered to. In one particular way, where three twigs, tending in different directions, give character to the design, the relative lengths of the three are carefully prescribed. Again, there are many things that must be avoided. The twigs, where there are several, must not be allowed to run parallel, nor must they, by crossing one another, be permitted to produce those effects which are known to the expert in this kind as "cross-cutting," "view-cutting," and "lattice-cutting."

These, it is true, are only conventions, but that amounts to saying that they are the garnered results of the experience of generations of artistic lovers of flowers, and anyone who has seen actual examples will realise that they are valuable guides.

There are a variety of other considerations to be borne in mind. In a list of ten virtues or blessings that are the property of those who follow this pursuit is included that of knowing the natural habits of flowers and plants. It is especially desired that the flowers when arranged shall violate none of the rules of nature; and, though nature has to be stringently controlled in order to produce this effect, the highest art is that which is most concealed. Your Japanese artist loves best to use whatever flowers may be most familiar at the season when he makes his arrangement. In spring he loves to make use of the narcissus and the blossoming branches of the cherry-tree; at another season the iris is a favourite, and later, of course, the chrysanthemum is, as one might say, the material in which he works. He would never dream of using exotics, deeming it right to take the gifts of Nature when she chooses to give them most lavishly. He would hardly put flowers

that grow in mountainous districts alongside of those that haunt the valleys, nor would he care to use the loveliest blossom under circumstances when it would appear to have cost extraordinary pains to secure.

He has also to bear in mind that every month produces flowers which are unlucky, or which, at any rate, have somehow incurred the sentence of banishment from the atelier in which he produces his living works of art. He must also be careful not to place certain blooms in combination with others. There is no reason given for this rule, but the experience of all the ages is crystallised therein, and he must be obedient if he would secure approval. Then, of course, having chosen his flowers and decided on the design he is to attempt, he must select a proper vase. It may be of bronze or iron, porcelain or bamboo; it may be a standing or a hanging vessel, and of any conceivable shape. In bamboo alone there are scores of shapes, each of which has a name that describes it more or less conventionally.

Whatever be the form and material finally selected, the vessel must be one that lends itself naturally and appropriately to the arrangement contemplated. The Japanese artist, by-the-bye, will not use living sprays of the bamboo when he has chosen a bamboo vase; but occasionally a vase is made out of bamboo that is still adorned with its natural leaves.

Finally, as to the placing of the arranged flowers in a room, there are many little rules. The number of vases is strictly proportionate to the number of *kakemono*, or hanging pictures, and it would be bad form to place real flowers of any particular sort in the neighbourhood of an artist's attempt to represent them. Also, if a part of any picture must needs be concealed by the flowers, it must be seen that the signature is not the portion obscured, for it would be a grave discourtesy were one artist to rob another of the credit due to his works.

These, then, are some of the main facts about an art on which Mr. Josiah Conder, F.R.I.B.A., has found it possible to write a bulky and fascinating

volume. Mr. H. O. Tanosuké, a dealer in Japanese curiosities, has decided to teach it in this country, and kindly permitted a representative of *The Sketch* to take photographs of some of his own arrangements. The art is one that is well worth acquiring, for, even though one should never learn all that must be known before one can become an adept, the influence of even a short course of training would be powerful and lasting. Here in London we are the victims of established custom, and it might be difficult, save for the wealthy, to get sprays of cherry-blossom, hawthorn, japonica, laburnum, and wistaria. Still, there are ways out of every difficulty, and there can be few more delightful occupations open to the people who have leisure in London to-day than to take a course of instruction from Mr. Tanosuké. If the teaching of Japan be right, the course will also prove a valuable moral exercise. Which reminds one that the origin of the art is said to be a result of Buddhist teaching. Animals were to be kindly treated, and the same philosophy taught the Japanese to remove flowers from the sunshine of a hot climate, where they must soon wither and fall, and treat them in such a manner that they would live longer in vases and baskets than if they had been left ungathered.



JAPANESE FLOWER DECORATION.

Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

THE FAILURES OF WOMEN IN ART.

I. In Literature.	IV. In Science.	VII. In Cookery.
II. In Music.	V. In Politics.	VIII. In Painting.
III. In Medicine.	VI. In Fashions.	IX. In Sculpture.

II.

It is the very polite fashion, when the whole of womenkind is arraigned as failing in this or that branch of labour, to make the retort to oneself that, after all, men have never given them the right chance. They have been let loose upon arid fields for education. Liberal arts have been kept from them; and, in a word, with minds made to turn perpetually towards frivolous concerns, it is not wonderful that they have never blossomed into flower. Whatever may be said of other arts, in regard to music it is conspicuously untrue. For, indeed, it has been the privilege of women in the long past generations to be bound down to music and to musical expression, where their less fortunate brothers have had to be content to listen, or to pick up scraps where they could. This is not to say that women received any particularly elaborate training in music, but that they received so much that, if any woman had had within her the divine spark of creative genius, her training would have sufficed as a substantial base from which to spring to higher things. Schubert, for example, had a great many disadvantages to contend with in his education; yet his genius shines very finely and splendidly in modern music simply by reason of its own force. Yet, upon looking back calmly and judiciously along the whole range of modern music, I do not think that you will find one name of one woman who by a musical creative genius has attained to any summit of greatness.

In going patiently through the names of such women as have moderately distinguished themselves in composition, I found that it is nearly always in the lightest forms of musical composition that they have reached some excellence. In opera, in concerted music, in oratorio, in symphony, they have scarcely any place whatever. The Electress-Dowager of Saxony, whom Dr. Charles Burney—the father of Madame D'Arblay; it is curious that the musical talent of the father ran to literature in the daughter—met at Munich in the August of 1772, was, according to this courtly chronicler, “celebrated all over Europe for her talents and the progress she has made in the arts.” Well, this accomplished gentlewoman wrote, it appears, two Italian operas, both the words and the music, one called “Talestri,” the other “Il Trionfo della Fedeltà.” Both were, says Dr. Burney, “much admired all over Germany, where they have been frequently performed”; and I have no doubt that patient search among some dusty archives of Leipsic, where they were printed, would discover the ancient scores, tattered and yellow with age. At any rate, this is the only lady I have read of who ever wrote two successful operas, one of which, “Talestri,” was, I believe, actually performed in this country. But whatever immediate value for that passing generation the musical works of the Electress-Dowager of Saxony may have possessed, this much is certain, that they are as dead now—and have probably been dead nearly as long—as the lady herself. If she could ever have claimed to be the shadow of an exception, it was here clearly and emphatically one which proved the rule; and now even that faint title is withdrawn from her.

The sister of Mozart is another curious case in point. As the whole world knows, she and Wolfgang were the only two children who survived infancy among Leopold Mozart's somewhat numerous offspring, and both, from their earliest age, showed a peculiar and brilliant aptitude for music. The father undertook their training, and they were always described, in a kind of ensemble, when on the tours of their early childhood, as “the wonderful children.” I do not, of course, mean to assert that because Marianne Mozart lacked every creative quality in music, and because Wolfgang was probably the greatest composer that ever lived, therefore it follows that women are naturally deficient in the gifts of composition. But it is, if not a proof—proof, of course, it could not be—a very curious sign of this undoubted truth. The boy went forwards conquering and to conquer new worlds; the girl, once the wonder of her precocity in interpretation had faded out, lapsed into the ranks of the commonplace. There is another strange case of the same kind, and nearly analogous to it, in the musical personality of Madame Hensel, better known, perhaps, as Fanny Mendelssohn, the great composer's favourite sister. Born in 1805, she was three years older than her famous brother, and, like him, early developed a passion for music. Felix, indeed, used to assert that, when in the height of her powers, she was a better player than himself, and he had the utmost reliance upon her judgment. “Before I can receive Fanny's advice,” he wrote, for example, in 1831, “‘The Walpurgisnight’ will be packed up. I feel convinced she would say ‘Yes,’ and yet I feel doubtful.” But Fanny was a composer as well, and in sending along one of his “Lieder ohne Worte,” he actually writes, “Fanny may add a second part.” Then Fanny sent her brother her volume of “Caprices.” “I have just played your ‘Caprices,’” writes he, “all with unmixed delight.” Then, again, she published four books of melodies for the pianoforte, two books of songs for voice and pianoforte, and one book of part-songs. In fact, I believe that the *opus* number of her last work reached the alarming figure of eleven, and a line of her music is even engraved upon her tombstone—“Gedanken gehn und Lieder, fort bis in Himmelreich.” Poor Fanny Mendelssohn! She died young, and it is believed that the shock of her premature end hastened the death of her brother. And her music has died too; and

her brother's work is as widely known still as it was when he laid down his pen and met death at the age of thirty-eight, now half a century ago. By what mysterious direction of nature was it that in these two peculiar instances, where two children, in each case, were born to the same parents and with a like passion for and devotion to music, the power of creativeness, together with the power of interpretation, drifted into the brain of the boy, while to the girl was left the power of interpretation alone?

To judge by such particular cases as these might seem unfair if it were not for the fact that it is frankly impossible to point out one female composer who has attained to greatness in her compositions: that being so, as I say, these particular cases take upon them an undeniable mystery. Look abroad at the musical world of the past and the present, from Palestrina to Wagner, and where among women do you find, despite all the natural advantages of a musical education, a Bach, a Mozart, a Beethoven? Madame Schumann, to take further instances—if further instances are necessary—composed; but what of her music? Has it any element of immortality near to it? Men and women there are who take delight in Mdle. Chaminade's songs. But what of Mdle. Chaminade's songs? What of Miss Maud Valerie White's—sweet and fascinating composer as she is—songs? Would any human being, after acknowledging their charm, their melodiousness, their grace, claim for them a place of the highest greatness? There is, indeed, in these days a veritable singing-nest of women-writers of music. Those, for example, who have had the privilege of hearing Christiana Thompson's incidental music to “The Tempest” are aware that in her music there is something of the fancy of Ariel, something of the humour of Puck, and always ingenuity and distinction. Yet that word “singing-nest” as nearly as possible describes the artistic position of modern women composers—and, indeed, so far as older composers of the same sex are concerned, not one name has survived to this generation. So it has always been; so one must conclude, by experience of the past, it will continue to be. In the vast history of music there has never yet been an instance of a woman standing great and solitary communing with great musical thoughts and pouring forth immortal melody and harmony in the manner of a Bach or a Beethoven. There have been great interpreters of music among women. Lady Hallé is still with us in the height of her power to show the truth of this saying. But as a creator of great music, woman remains bound, restrained, cribbed, cabin'd, and confined. She has never composed the music of the world.

V. B.

BIRD BLUNDERS.

Mr. C. K. Poulter, writing to the *Field*, records a very curious incident. While walking home under the shelter of a high hedge after a day's snipe-shooting, he received a blow behind and below his ear, so violent that it brought him on his knees. Looking round, he discovered that the assault had been committed by a partridge, which lay dead beside him, its lower mandible broken, and a moment later observed a kestrel directly overhead. In all probability the partridge was flying from the hawk, and was too terrified to see where it was going. There can be little doubt but that birds do “lose their heads” when alarmed. There is a classic case of a wild duck which, flying up a Highland glen after being fired at, came in collision with a galvanised iron bucket a girl was carrying full of water, with the result that it killed itself and knocked the bucket out of shape. About Christmas-time, the good people of Manchester were much exercised by a curious object which was just visible to the naked eye on the spiked ball that crowns the Town Hall—said to be the third or fourth highest architectural point in England. A telescope showed the object to be the remains of a large bird, which, from its situation, must have flown blindly against the ball and impaled itself on the spikes. Shooting-men occasionally record instances of collisions between birds in flight, due, one can hardly doubt, to their flurry at being put up. On Oct. 23 last year a gentleman shooting in the North Riding of Yorkshire put up one covey of partridges, and, a moment later, another. The second covey crossed the line of flight of the first at right angles, and two birds collided and came down, one dead and the other stunned. Similar collisions have been observed between couples of snipe and wild geese, and even between two hares. One of the most unaccountable blunders ever made was that of a pheasant at a shoot in Hampshire; having escaped from the guns, the bird flashed through a low covert and through the panes of a cottage window behind it, oddly enough, without sustaining the least injury. The avine brain seems quite incapable of containing more than one idea at a time, and consciousness of danger behind renders the owner utterly oblivious of possible obstacles in front. This singleness of idea is indicated by the occasional conduct of hawks when in pursuit of their quarry. The most remarkable example on record was that of a sparrow-hawk following a small bird into the open carriage-window of a moving train on the Great Western Railway, an incident pictured at the time in the *Illustrated London News*. One day in November 1892, at Bonsall, near Matlock, a sparrow-hawk followed its quarry, a sparrow, right into a grocer's shop, and was caught in the window among the sugar-loaves and packets of tea. A month previously, at Crediton, Captain Montague's gardener caught with his hands a hawk which had pounced on a pigeon feeding with others near the spot where he was working. So preoccupied was the hawk—no doubt the sparrow-hawk, though the species is not recorded—that it never saw the man approaching in answer to struggles and cries of its victim.—c.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



A STUDY OF CHILDHOOD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

THE IRISH RISING IN '98.

Illustrated from Portraits in the National Portrait Gallery, Dublin.

The founding of the Society of United Irishmen at Belfast in 1791 was a memorable event in Irish history. Perfectly legal and constitutional in the first instance, this society had for its object the union of all

the more advanced section of the patriotic Irish Party, and a band of ardent and enthusiastic young men, devoted to their country, and inspired, many of them, by the spirit of the French Revolution, arose to be its leaders.

Of these, none was more remarkable than the original founder of the society, Theobald Wolfe Tone. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he had, as he tells us in his autobiography, a passion for adventure and



THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.



THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

Irishmen, regardless of religious distinctions. The end the United Irishmen had in view was the same as that which the Volunteers had failed, eight years earlier, to secure: "An equal representation of all the people of Ireland"—in a word, Catholic emancipation and the reform of a Parliament notoriously corrupt.

Among the many causes of the growing discontent which led ultimately to rebellion was the recall, in 1795, of Lord Fitzwilliam, who had come to Ireland with the express purpose of granting Catholic emancipation. Everything was in readiness for this reform, and the measure was actually before Parliament, when, owing mainly to the

for a military life, and while studying for the Bar in London he made his first "essay in politics" by drawing out an elaborate scheme, which he submitted to Pitt, for the establishment of a colony on a military plan in one of the newly discovered South Sea Islands. The English Minister, to the chagrin of the young diplomatist, "took not the smallest notice of either memorial or letter," and Tone goes on to remark naively, "In my anger I made something like a vow that, if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt sorry, and perhaps fortune may enable me to fulfil that resolution."

It would take too long to enumerate, even briefly, all the incidents in



ARTHUR O'CONNOR.



EDWARD FITZGERALD.

influence of Fitzgibbon—afterwards Earl of Clare and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and one of the best-hated figures in Irish history—there was a sudden *volte-face* on the part of the English Government.

The United Irish Society now became the focus for the energies of

Tone's adventurous career. A consistent admirer of the Republican form of Government, it was he who undertook the mission to France, resulting in the abortive expedition under General Hoche in December 1796, which, had it succeeded, would in all probability have changed the

fate not of Ireland alone, but of Europe. Again and again Tone endeavoured to carry his cherished scheme of a French invasion to a successful issue, and in the end he was captured with the other officers of the French squadron which sailed under Admiral Bompard in September 1798. He died two months later in the Provost-Marshal's Prison, Dublin, while under sentence of death by hanging, his last request, that he might "die the death of a soldier," having been refused. At his trial, Tone appeared in the uniform of a French Chef de Brigade, and in his speech before being sentenced he said, "In the cause which Kosciusko attempted and in which Washington succeeded, I have failed."

Lord Edward FitzGerald, perhaps the most popular of all the United Irish leaders, was the son of the first Duke of Leinster. Having entered the English Army, he served for a year in Canada, after which he returned to Ireland, and, quickly becoming attracted to the revolutionary movement then on foot, he was chosen as the military leader of the United Irishmen. Events had now considerably developed in Ireland. Secret drilling went on everywhere, and thousands joined the ranks of the United Irishmen. In 1797 the society had become a distinctly military organisation, with the definite purpose of offering armed resistance to the English Government.

There was at this time some difference of opinion among the leaders as to the plan to be pursued. One party, led by Thomas Addis Emmet, was for postponing the rising until after the arrival of the French, while Lord Edward and Arthur O'Connor believed the organisation to be strong enough for independent action. Just at the critical moment, when the members of the supreme executive were sitting in council in Dublin, they were arrested on the information of MacNally, Reynolds, and other informers. The capture two months later of Lord Edward FitzGerald, the intended commander-in-chief, and of the brothers John and Henry Sheares, who had in the interval taken a prominent part in the direction of affairs, was a fatal blow to the conspiracy.

Lord Edward died in Newgate Prison, Dublin, on June 4, and the brothers Sheares were executed in front of this prison on July 14. Thomas Addis Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, and about twenty other prominent leaders, were imprisoned for three years in Fort George, Inverness-shire. O'Connor subsequently entered the French service, in which he rose to the rank of General. Tandy, who was arrested later, was condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to banishment on the intercession of Lord Cornwallis.

It is a noteworthy fact that hardly one of the men who had been most active in planning the insurrection took part in the actual fighting. The

to General Wilford, and, more fortunate than some of his comrades, was eventually permitted to emigrate to Hamburg.

The last actor in the tragic drama of '98 was Lord Cornwallis, who was reluctantly persuaded, towards the close of that eventful year, to go to Ireland to fill the double post of Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief. How little Cornwallis enjoyed the task imposed upon him may be gathered from his remark in a letter to Pitt: "The life of a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland comes up to my idea of perfect



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

misery." With the advent of Cornwallis the rebellion received its death-blow, and the new administrator devoted all his energies to bringing about that legislative union with Great Britain which, rightly or wrongly, he believed to be essential to the welfare of Ireland.



LORD CORNWALLIS.

Government had been all along kept perfectly informed of the development of the conspiracy, and nearly all the leaders were seized before the rebellion broke out.

In Wexford, where the rebels made their final stand, one of the commanders who showed especial ability was Edward FitzGerald, of New Park, a country gentleman of position and fortune, whose humane conduct in the midst of scenes of brutality and vengeance is worthy of the highest praise. At the close of the rebellion he surrendered

A SONG OF APRIL: COWSLIPS.

To-day's a cowslip that humbly grows
On banks that lately
Harboured the snows.

Kindly and country the scent it throws:
But sweet and stately
To-morrow's rose.

The cowslip's sweet for the countryside;
The cowslip's sweeter
Where snowdrops died.

The banks are green and the banks are deep,
And long her gold
Shall my cowslip keep.

If cowslip-colour's for jealousy,
The cowslip comes
When no roses be.

The cowslip comes, and she will not fail
To be in time
For the nightingale.

One rose there grows for the cowslip's fellow,
To match her gold
With the cowslip's yellow.

When the cowslip's dead comes the rose of sorrow,
The yellow rose
That's the rose of to-morrow.—NORA HOPPER.

"THE RHODESIAN SCULPTOR."

A VISIT TO THE STUDIO OF MR. JOHN TWEED.

The first object to catch one's eye on entering the studio of Mr. John Tweed—the studio, by the way, is in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and well within a stone's throw of Carlyle's old house—is a bust of Dr. Jameson, the bronze cast of which is at present on exhibition in Glasgow. On every side there is something that recalls South Africa, and, more particularly, Rhodesia. Yonder, for example, is a plaster head of Khama, the Bechuana chief about whom Mr. Lionel Dee, in his just-published book of travels, writes so severely. The story goes that Mr. Tweed, acting on a hint from a certain high-placed personage in the Colonial Office, visited Khama when he was in London a year or two back, and modelled his woolly cranium. Khama was Mr. Tweed's first coloured sitter.

Elsewhere in the studio, the pleasant face of Major Laing, of the Belingwe Field Force, smiles down on one—in clay. Close by is an admirably executed statuette of Jan van Riebeeck, the first Dutch Governor of Cape Colony, from which a life-sized figure was modelled and cast in bronze to the order of Mr. Cecil Rhodes as a gift from himself to the citizens of Capetown. The head of the statue was copied from a portrait of Van Riebeeck in the Rys Museum at Amsterdam. Van Riebeeck, by-the-by, is the central figure in a plaster panel against the wall yonder. This particular panel was also executed by Mr. Tweed for Mr. Rhodes, and a bronze casting of the same was placed above the principal doorway of the Cape ex-Premier's house, Groote Schuur, at Rondebosch, a few miles outside Capetown. Mr. Rhodes once told the sculptor a little story about this panel. As some of my readers are perhaps aware, Mr. Rhodes is educating at Capetown several of the sons of the late Lo Bengula. On one occasion, when these boys were visiting Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes took one of them aside, and, pointing to the pot-bellied juvenile to the right of the panel, he jokingly assured the young prince that it was meant for him. "No," said the lad, with much native dignity, "that cannot be. I am a Matabele, whilst he," pointing to the corpulent infant, "is only a Hottentot!"

It is satisfactory to know that this fine example of Mr. Tweed's skill successfully withstood the recent big blaze at Groote Schuur, and to this day occupies its original proud position. The house is being rebuilt as nearly as possible on the old lines, and one of the latest commissions

Mr. Tweed has received from Mr. Rhodes is the modelling of a Zimbabwe "bird," as it is called, wherewith to decorate the stairway of the new building. Five of these "birds" are to be carved in teak from Mr. Tweed's model. The original "bird," of soapstone, was found among the rubbish in the mysterious ruins of Zimbabwe, in Matabeleland.

A beautifully modelled bronze statuette of Robert Burns stands on a bench in the studio. It is a replica of one made by Mr. Tweed for Robert Louis Stevenson, and Mr. Rhodes, on seeing the original, so greatly admired it that he commissioned Mr. Tweed to execute one for him. This was done, and the statuette was sent to Groote Schuur, where, fortunately, it escaped the fate that was reserved for so many of Mr. Rhodes's priceless treasures. Subsequently the statuette made for the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" came into Mr. Rhodes's possession, and this he presented to "Dr. Jim." A year or so ago the good folk of much-maligned Rhodesia decided to erect a statue of the founder of their country in some suitable spot in Bulawayo, and a sum of £5000 has already been subscribed to that end. Mr. Tweed was selected to carry out the work, and he has already made some progress with the same. As yet, however, the clever young Scotchman has not decided which of the two models he has designed he shall work from. In one, Mr. Rhodes, in his habit as he lives (in Bulawayo), is standing in a characteristic attitude; in the other the Colossus is seated in a chair, apparently engaged in "thinking in continents," so profound is his expression. Then close by are to be seen two busts of Mr. Kruger's *bête noire*, one in clay and one (nearly finished) in marble. These have not been commissioned.

But the largest and most remarkable object in Mr. Tweed's studio is a plaster panel—one of four—designed for the Matabele memorial. This, when finished, will be erected near the Zimbabwe ruins, and will perpetuate the last glorious stand of Major Alan Wilson and his comrades. Its colossal proportions will be gathered from the fact that each of the figures—thirty-five in all—on the four panels will be nearly life-size, and that the completed panel is seven and a-half feet high by fourteen feet long. A huge stone will

surmount the masonry and bronze-work. It has taken Mr. Tweed close on twelve months to finish the first panel—he is now busily engaged on the second—and another year will probably elapse before the full design is completed. The central figure in the first panel is, of course, Major Wilson himself, mounted on his trusty steed. The memorial when finished will bear the simple inscription, "To Brave Men."



STATUE OF JAN VAN RIEBEEK. —JOHN TWEED.



PANEL ABOVE THE DOORWAY OF MR. RHODES' HOUSE, REPRESENTING THE LANDING OF JAN VAN RIEBEEK AT TABLE BAY.—JOHN TWEED.

THE GENTLE ART OF CURLING.

Photographs by Burton, New York.

The game of curling has so many advantages for the man who is no longer young that one is not astonished to find that it has been taken up in America. Like golf, it has been borrowed from Scotland, where the game has been played for hundreds of years, and where it is believed to be indigenous. The Royal Caledonian Curling Club is the nucleus of hundreds of associations which look to the parent club with veneration. To see the players throwing the rounded stones on the ice towards the mark "Tee" is an object-lesson in enthusiasm, old men joining in it with the vivacity of youth. The stones weigh from thirty-five to fifty pounds,

and cost from forty to fifty shillings per pair. The rules of the roaring game are very clearly laid down, for they have been formulated on the basis of much experience and are strictly adhered to.



THE CHAMPION CURLER OF AMERICA: MR. GEORGE FRAZIER.

While on this ice question one may draw attention to the "Bibliography of Skating," which Mr. Fred W. Foster has just printed through B. W. Warhurst, of Chelsea. It contains the titles of no fewer than five hundred books. He deals with skee-running, bone and blunt-iron skating, blade skating, roller skating, sail skating, and so on. Indeed, what is not recorded is not worth knowing.

The first reference to roller-skating, which has now come into the asphalted streets, is in 1803, when John Joseph Merlin, "a contriver of roller-skates," departed this life. And a J. J. Merlin is recorded to have skated with wheel-skates at one of the notorious

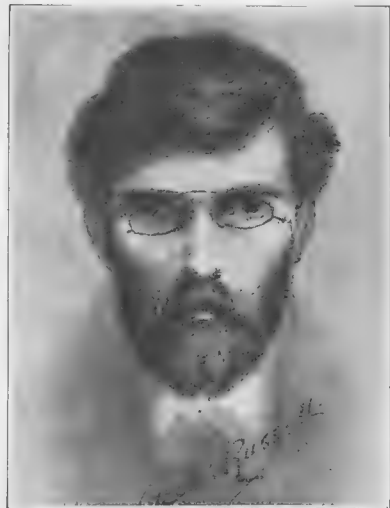
Mrs. Cornelys' masquerades in Soho Square so long ago as 1825. On the other hand, the earliest reference to sail-skating is in 1879. This is a most popular pastime on the lakes of Canada.



THE OLD MAN'S ICE GAME.

"A. E.'S" POEMS.

Upon the walls of a certain lecture-room in Dublin, where men who are themselves visionaries lectured until lately upon Indian and Neoplatonic and Christian visionaries, "A. E." has painted some very fantastic pictures: a young man looking at his own image in the scales of a serpent; a vast



MR. G. W. RUSSELL ("A. E.").

stone figure sitting on a mountain with a devotee prostrating his body in adoration before it, while his soul rises up threatening it with a spear; a man huddled up in darkness while his soul rushes out and grasps a star; a company of little figures moving among mushrooms and long grasses: picture everywhere melting into picture. They are the work of a hand too bewildered by the multitudinous shapes and colours of visions to narrow its method to a convention, and, without a convention, there is, perhaps, no perfect spiritual art. It has sought unavailingly, despite much talent, to make of unmoving and silent paint a mirror for the wandering, exultant processions that haunt those margins of spiritual ecstacy, where colours are sounds, and

sounds are shapes, and shapes are fragrances. The poems of "A. E.," the little paper-covered book published by a friend who hired a garret for that purpose, and this larger book, "The Earth Breath," published by Mr. John Lane, are a more perfect mirror, because poetry changes with the changing of the dream. All things in these elaborate and subtle verses are perpetually changing, and all things are the symbols of things more unsubstantial than themselves. The poet looks at the heavens, and they become a great bird with a blue breast and wings of gold, and at the wood, and it becomes a great sheep shaking its shadowy fleece, and then bird and sheep become, through some vague wisdom floating in the rhythm and in the colour of the words, moments of the divine tenderness. A bird with diamond wings passes through his imagination, and he knows it a soul wandering from its body in a deep sleep; and when he thinks of the girdle of twilight eyes in the moon may see about the earth, where day and night mingle, he thinks of beauty hung between death and life, eternity and time, sleep and waking. He would bring before his eyes the eternal house of the soul, and calls up a burning diamond, and, while he watches it, it has changed, as in the changes of a hashish dream, to islands fringed with flames. All things that have shape and weight change perpetually, being, indeed, but symbols. "For every star and every deep" filled with stars "are stars and deeps within." It is the doctrine of all mystics, the doctrine that awakened Plotinus to his lonely and abstract joy. "In the particular acts of human life," he wrote, "it is not the interior soul and the true man, but the exterior shadow of the man alone, which laments and weeps, performing his part on the earth as in a more ample and extended scene, in which many shadows of souls and phantom forms appear." Even when we are in love, "A. E." would have us love the invisible beauty before the visible beauty and make our love a dream.

Let me dream only with my heart,
Love first, and after see:
Know thy diviner counterpart
Before I kneel to thee.

So in thy motions all expressed
Thy angel I may view;
I shall not on thy beauty rest,
But beauty's ray in you,

he writes in verses that have a Jacobean music, and a nobility of thought that is not Jacobean. He would have our love, too, end as well as begin in the invisible beauty, and in another poem sings to the visible beauty of the woman—

O beauty, as thy heart o'erflows
In tender yielding unto me,
A vast desire awakes and grows
Unto forgetfulness of thee.

It is this invisible beauty that all life seeks under many names, and that makes the planets "break in woods and flowers and streams," and "shake" the winds from them "as the leaves from off the rose," and that "kindles" all souls and lures them "through the gates of birth and death," and in whose heart we will all rest when "the shepherd of the ages draws his misty hands away through the glimmering deeps to silence" and "the awful fold." It kindles evil as well as good, for it awakens "the fount of shadowy beauty" that pours out those "things the heart would be" and "chases" "in the endless night." All things are double, for we either choose "the shadowy beauty," and our soul weeps, or the invisible beauty that is our own "high ancestral self," and the body weeps. Many verses in this little book have so much high thought and they sing it so sweetly and tenderly that I cannot but think them immortal verses.

W. B. YEATS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There is a fiery excitement to war and slaughter in some of the "Songs of Love and Empire" which Mrs. Hubert Bland (E. Nesbit) has published through Messrs. Constable. This is the tune of the patriotic, or rather, the Imperial ones—

Oh, if the gods would send us a balm for our sick, sad years,
Let them send us a sight of the scarlet, and the sound of the guns in our ears.
For valour and faith and honour—these grow where the red flower grows,
And the leaves for the Nation's healing must spring from the blood of her foes.

The lines are from a commemorative poem on "Waterloo" of a very melancholy cast, "written at" some wicked Englishmen who grieve for England's glory, who—

... are glad of the moth in her banners,
And the rust on her shining name.

Her "Imperialism" is very vigorous. I do not doubt but it is sincere—as sincere, that is, as anything fashionable can be. There was a time when all the energetic folks were of the Manchester school, to whom war seemed a frivolous trifling with serious matters, and extending our boundaries only an ill-advised sport of silly boys. We were all for "the Parliament of man, the federation of the world," in those days. Now the mode has altered. The Navy League seems more practical; humanity seems a chilly thing beside the warm band of our own brethren, and Mrs. Bland's verse is the sign and symbol of the change. Even if there hang about it a shade of unconscious humbug, it is verse with a fine, ringing sound, quite the most successful, I should say, that the flaunting patriotism of the Jubilee year has brought forth. One cannot read this coldly—it is from a song in honour of Nelson—

They say that his England, grown tired and old,
Lies drunk by her heavy hoard;
They say her hands have the grasp of the gold,
But not the grip of the sword;
That her robe of glory is rent and shred,
And that winds of shame blow through,
Speak for your England, O mighty Dead,
In the deeds you would have her do!

And as politicians are mostly unfashionable—by the way, how is it that generals and admirals and all the scheming fellows among our glorious defenders manage to remain favourites?—this sounding stanza will be applauded to the echo—

'Tis the way of a statesman to fear and fret,
To ponder and pause and plan,
But the way of Nelson was better yet,
For that was the way of a man;
They would teach us smoothness, who once were rough,
They have bidden us falter and pray,
But the way of Nelson was good enough,
For that was the fighting way.

If bunkum, this is excellent bunkum. Could Mr. Austin do half as well, he would be the most popular and useful of Laureates.

In the glare of the Imperial songs, those concerned with mere love seem pale and puny. Outside this volume they would have a better chance. For as soon as I got a little out of earshot of the drums and trumpets, some charming melodies made themselves heard, all in a minor tone, very tender, and very sincere, but, I suppose, to properly constituted persons, frivolous and out of mode now the Empire is in danger.

In the first chapter of Mr. W. E. Norris's story, "The Fight for the Crown" (Seeley), one is introduced to the exciting atmosphere of political crime. The hero meets the very car on which the Phoenix Park murderers are driving a few minutes before committing their atrocity. Of course, it is reasonable to expect, after that, a labyrinthine tale of detectives and biding and treason among knaves, and justice finally triumphant. But we get nothing of the sort. In fact, "The Fight for the Crown" is the tamest and the dullest novel the year has so far produced. It is quite remarkable in the waste of its by no means poor opportunities. A political novel may be excellent sport, but a Home Rule novel which revives the newspaper platitudes of ten years ago, and takes all the foolish persons of both sides quite seriously, is no joke to a conscientious reader. The hero is the Prince of Muffs. His circumstances, however, are original, seeing that he is the heir to a rich, ardent old Radical, who expects him to spend himself in the Cause. Wilfrid cares nothing for the Cause, being incapable of caring much for anything or forming an independent opinion on any subject whatsoever. Instead of opinions, he has impulses of prudence. But he gives discreet little slices of himself to the Cause, until the Cause seems going too fast for a genteel hero like him. Then he gives it up, and retires into the inactive life so suitable to one of his fortune and abilities. He loves very discreetly a young Irish lady, but quite gracefully accepts another girl pushed under his nose when the first one refuses him. How the Crown was in danger about 1885, I do not know; but, if Wilfrid Ellis was the type of its defenders, the attackers should have had an easy victory. Good novels have before this been made out of newspaper cuttings and a little imagination. But this is not one of them.

The very mild and unpretentious stories called "By the Roaring Reuss" (Constable) are preferable. The writer, Mr. Bridges Birtt, loves the Alps, and has been driven into literature by a desire to put these big things into words. He has not put them into words, but his collection of legends, anecdotes, and simple love-tales are very pleasant in their simple-minded, juvenile way. I have found nothing Alpine about them. They might have been conceived and written at Margate. o. o.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE ELAND.

The roast beef of Old England has a serious rival in the flesh of the eland of South Africa. Sir Cornwallis Harris, writing of the flesh of this animal, says: "It is roth in grain and colour, resembling beef, but



AN ELAND COW, CALF, AND BULL.

is far better tasted and more delicate, possessing a pure game-flavour and exhibiting the most tempting-looking layers of fat and lean. The venison fairly melts in the mouth, and as for the brisket, that is absolutely a cut for a monarch!" In South Africa, where all beef and mutton are tough as leather, the eland is a perfect godsend, as writers on this subject never fail to remark. For my part, I think eland venison would not be at all an unwelcome addition to the larders of most London catering establishments.

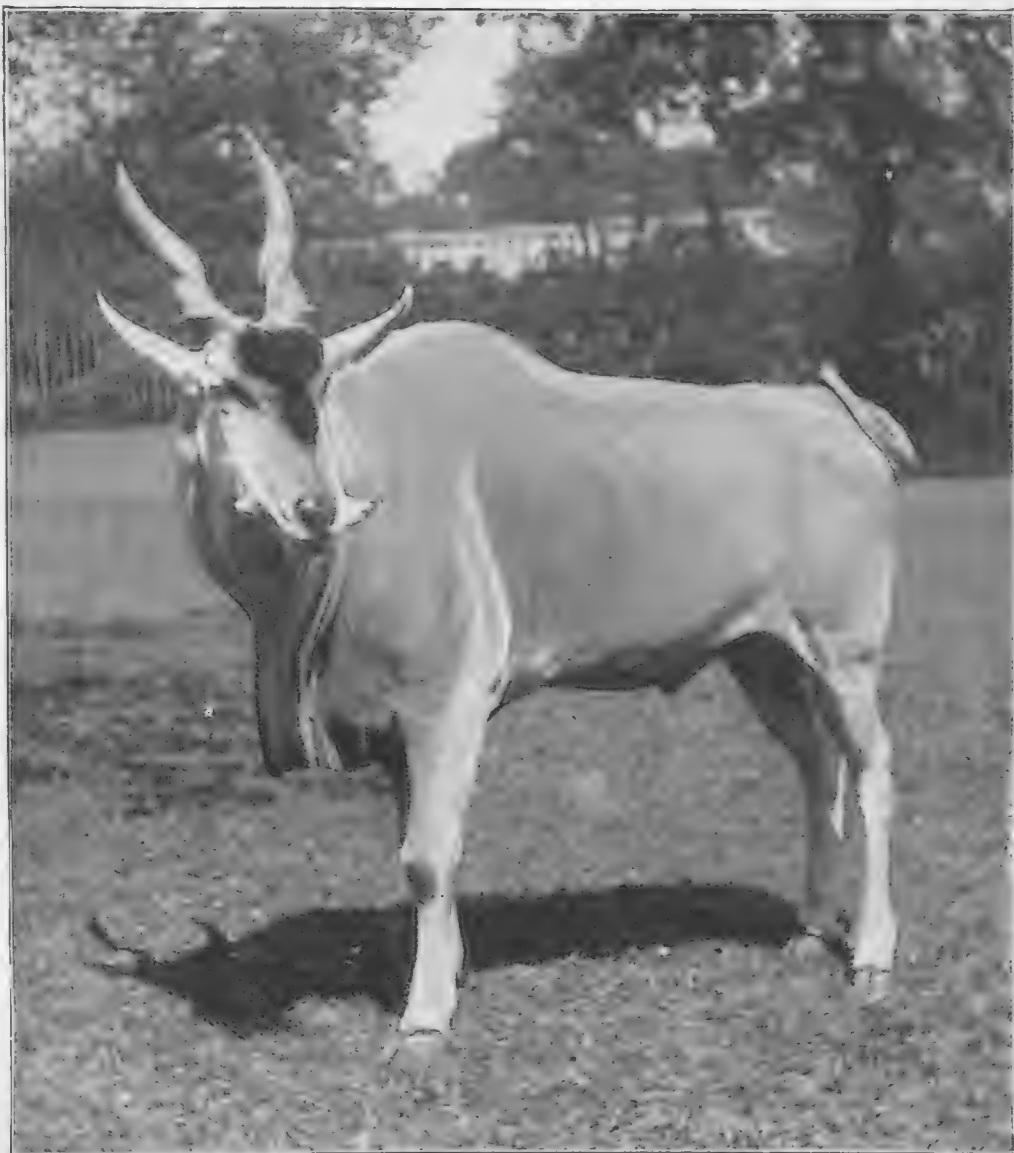
It is the fate of all big game to die out as civilisation encroaches on their territory, and the eland is no exception. This animal, formerly abundant, is now scarcely attainable in South Africa. It is the largest of antelopes and the least nimble, and therefore falls an easy prey to the hunter, and can be overtaken without much difficulty by a rider on horseback. Early colonists, when they rode this animal down, used to turn its head to the spot where they had outspanned, so that the poor eland not only had to serve them with a pleasant repast, but actually had to carry its heavy carcass to the place where it was to be cooked and eaten. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, to prevent the extermination of this most useful animal, has erected, at great expense, a large enclosure for its preservation. It is said, too, that a number of Boer farmers possess considerable herds of eland in a state of semi-captivity, hoping some day to make a "corner" in the eland market.

There are two varieties of *Oreos canna*, one of which wears conspicuous white stripes on its fawn hide, while the other lacks these adornments. The bulls of each variety are splendid creatures, frequently standing six feet high at the withers, while their massiveness of body and depth of shoulder suggest rather the indolence of the cow than the alertness and activity we associate with a member of the antelope tribe. With its strong spirally twisted horns and great weight—a bull may scale fifteen hundred pounds or more—it might be supposed that the eland was a formidable foe when flight was impossible; the contrary is the case; a friend, who has spent the best part of his life on the game veldt since he reached man's estate, tells me he has never seen a wounded eland make the slightest attempt at self-defence; it is a very different creature from the sable antelope, the "fighting sable" as this most beautiful beast is respectfully called. The eland thrives in captivity, and is to be seen in many of the private zoological collections in English parks; at the "Zoo" it has always done well, breeding freely and living to a good old age. When these photographs were taken there were

two calves in the Gardens, and the elder, with its mother, might be seen any day in the paddock; the younger was then only a couple of months old, and not yet allowed this comparative liberty. At one time the possibility of domesticating the eland as a new food-animal was much discussed. There is no difficulty about domestication, widely as our climate differs from that of the eland's habitat, but somehow the British farmer has not pounced upon the idea of raising. A curious thing about this antelope is that the unstriped eland, which is found in barren and waterless lands, grows to a larger size than the striped variety, which prefers more verdant localities—a direct inversion of the ordinary rule which indicates development in due ratio with the luxuriance of pasture.

AN EXCELLENT STORY.

An excellent anecdote was told of a West Country parson's experience the other day. Mounted on the upper deck of one of those hideous "three-deckers," as the wooden abominations where parson and clerk took up their places were nicknamed, the cleric in question commanded an extensive view of his bucolic congregation. Even the depths of the old-fashioned high pew failed to escape his searching glances. In one of these pews he observed a youth and a maiden, who clasped hands tenderly, and gave themselves up to endearments which even the Scriptural exhortation of "Love one another" did not entirely warrant. The parson was filled with a great and righteous indignation, and fixing his glance not on the guilty pair, but on the west gallery, he abruptly arrested his discourse, and informed his abashed congregation that "two young persons of opposite sexes were behaving in a manner that was highly indecorous and unbecoming, and, unless these sinners came round to the vestry at the conclusion of the service and assured him of their penitence, their names would be publicly proclaimed on the Sunday following." With regard to the after-service scene in the vestry, seventeen shamefaced pairs, gnawing their gloves or smoothing their forelocks, as their sex dictated, had gathered to offer their apologies to their outraged Vicar.



A BULL ELAND.

Photo by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

COWPER'S BIRTHPLACE.

Copyright Photographs by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

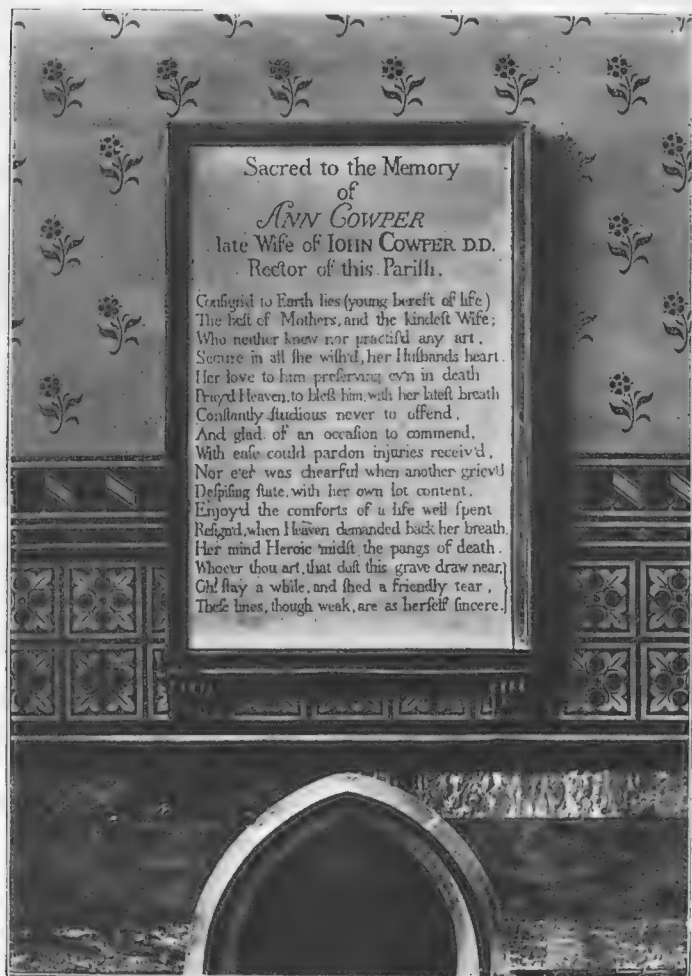
In two years the literary world will be celebrating the centenary of the death of William Cowper. Meantime, Great Berkhamstead, his birthplace, has, with a fine touch of irony, been obliterating one of his



THE COWPER MEMORIAL WINDOW AT GREAT BERKHAMSTEAD.

landmarks. This is the famous well and well-house, which have been removed from the entrance to the rectory, where they have long stood, a sun-dial taking their place. Years ago the old rectory was demolished and its fine avenue of trees uprooted. But the ancient well-house, with its beams and oak wheel, still remained to recall the times of the poet. The crazy building bore the following inscription, engraved on a marble slab—

The shy perennial fountain here the ivy pods among,
Just emblem of his modesty and pure undying song,
With daily crystal draught refreshed our Poet's fragile youth,
Amid the precious opening buds of genius, grace, and truth,
Ere spectral wrath had clouded in despair the noble mind,
Self-loathing, yet so loving, so boon to all mankind,
Oh, stranger, in your heart of hearts let tender reverence dwell,
And love of love revive to-day at gentle Cowper's well.



MONUMENT TO COWPER'S MOTHER IN THE CHANCEL OF GREAT BERKHAMSTEAD CHURCH.

Of course, Great Berkhamstead still has its memorials of Cowper. In the parish church, of which his father was Rector, there is a memorial window, the centre portion of which contains a portrait of the poet and his two tame hares. There is also in the chancel a tablet to the memory of his mother, as shown in the accompanying picture.

Cowper himself passed the greater part of his life within fifty miles of Great Berkhamstead. Taking the various places in the order in which they were visited by the poet, Westminster 1741, The Temple 1752, St. Albans 1763, Huntingdon 1765, Olney 1767, and Weston 1786, are all within that distance. Dereham, in Norfolk, where he resided from 1786 to 1800, is farthest removed from his birthplace, and at Dereham, while suffering from one of his recurrent fits of melancholy madness, he died on April 25, 1800, and was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, Dereham Church, in which there is a tablet inscribed with the following epitaph—

Ye, who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust.
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name;
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise;
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.



COWPER'S WELL AND WELL-HOUSE, WHICH HAVE RECENTLY BEEN DESTROYED.

In the court records at Hertford there is an account of the trial for murder of Spencer Cowper, who was the grandfather of William Cowper. A Quakeress fell in love with him, but her passion was not reciprocated, and, finding she was shunned, she incontinently committed suicide by drowning herself in a mill-pond. As Spencer Cowper had been seen in her company on the previous day, her friends had him put on trial for murder in July 1699. He was honourably acquitted, the judge stating that there was not the least evidence against him. Spencer Cowper himself afterwards rose to be a judge, and it is said that he was always most careful and particular when he had a prisoner charged with murder before him, remembering the ordeal through which he himself had passed.

The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, has lately been adorned by a fine stained-glass window representing its patron saint, St. Martin of Tours, in the act of cutting his cloak in two with his sword, in order to cover a poor beggar (really our Lord), as is told in a legend relating to the early life of the saint. The window has been finely executed, with admirable qualities of colouring, by Lavers and Westlake, from the designs of Mr. Anthony J. Westlake, an artist who has done much work in America. Specimens of Mr. A. J. Westlake's skill are also to be seen at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark.

LAWN TENNIS.

The game of lawn tennis is much played in India, every European being more or less interested in the pastime. The final tie in the contest for the championship of Bengal, between Hallward and Kidd, took place in the presence of a large number of spectators at the Calcutta Cricket Ground on Saturday, Feb. 26, resulting in a win for Kidd, three sets to love. The Bengal champion has proved himself a strong player, having won the championship of Forfarshire when only eighteen years of age, and being also an ex-champion of Forest Gate Lawn Tennis Club.



MR. KIDD.

Photo by Wright, Forest Gate.

that Hawfinch has any chance whatever of beating his ex-stable companion, although I am told Mr. Bottomley firmly believes that he owns the winner of the Derby, and some of the philosophers point with confidence to the case of Sainfoin. But the latter was a very moderate colt, and he could not have won had Surefoot run generously on the day. It is not generally known that Mr. Joe Davis, of Hurst Park, dreamt that Sainfoin had won the Derby, and it was he who induced Sir James Miller to purchase the colt.

Fit and well on the day, Chelandy must go close for the City and Suburban; yet the mare has been knocked about in the market. She is said to be doing nicely in her work, and she performed well on the course when running second to Limasol for the Oaks. Hermiston may not run at Epsom, as he has engagements at Newmarket and at Kempton Park, and it is now said that Darling will reserve Kilcock for the Jubilee Stakes. I expect, however, we shall have a good race for the City and Suburban, as owners like to see their colours carried at Epsom, and nothing would suit the local taste so well as a win for Chelandy, who belongs to the Master of the Durdans.

Calder, whose death last week was tragic if not sudden, had long suffered from pleurisy. I recollect at Epsom once he told me he was a great sufferer from it, and, so that I should be convinced, he bared his chest, which was simply smothered in plaster. The wonder to me was that he rode at all that day, but he managed to get through one race. He had intended riding in some more, but better judgment prevailed and he took the wiser course of standing down. He was reputed to be wealthy, so that his widow and children will not want for worldly goods, although the blow must have been great. That success on the Turf is not dependent on skill alone is shown by the fact that Sir J. B. Maple won few races, despite the cleverness of his first jockey, who, moreover, rarely had really bad horses to ride for the Falmouth House stable.

Last week's meeting was hardly a fair test as to the likelihood of the Folkestone fixture being a success. The clashing with Northampton and Croxton, of course, kept a good many people away who intended going there, especially the Rothschilds, who take a great interest in the new venture. When the big people go there—and there is little doubt about their going for the flat-races in August—the bookmakers will go too.

If Winkfield's Pride and Galtee More run for the Ascot Gold Cup, and should they progress the right way in training—they will, I believe, do so—we shall have an opportunity of judging how far Galtee More is in front of or behind Persimmon. I have heard genuine regrets expressed at the impossibility of a match between the Prince's and Mr. Gubbins's Derby winners. My own opinion is that Persimmon was the better race-horse of the twain, but, as there are at present no substantial data to go upon, it must remain an opinion only until the race for the Ascot Gold Cup.

It is remarkable, but nevertheless true, that the arrival of one good horse in a stable brings about a complete change in the luck. This fact has been demonstrated over and over again during the last few years. Jewitt never had such a successful time as when Isinglass was in training, and with the departure of Mr. Calmont's champion to the stud went the great good-fortune. Ladas heralded the arrival of Sir Visto in Mat Dawson's stable, which from quietness jumped into fierce public note at a bound. A little while ago every horse the Duke of Portland owned seemed capable of winning races; now he has got a very bad lot. The fortunes of Marsh's stable mended with Florizel II., and the run of luck has not yet ended. There is no equality about Dame Fortune; she is all or none.

CAPTAIN COE.

RACING NOTES.

Wildfowler made a hole in his manners at Derby; but he was not half fit, and I expect to see him do much better in the classic races. Dieudonne is going on well for the Derby, and I cannot see what is to beat him; but Batt has been backed heavily on the Continent of late by some people. Perhaps they are followers of M. Cannon's mounts, and they are legion. I cannot bring myself to believe

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The idea of the literary "ghost" as yet has not proved of very great value in drama, though it should serve usefully some day. Mr. Johnson's treatment of it seems hardly discreet, for, in order that the ghost should be a really effective central figure, its thralldom should not be based upon drink. No doubt the weak-minded man unable to resist the temptation of whisky, when handled admirably by Mr. Pinero in "Sweet Lavender," was infinitely pathetic and interesting; but the drink atmosphere was not so thick as in "Q. Q.," at Terry's; and, moreover, the drunkard in the earlier play was harmless to others, while Quintus causes great suffering to those who love him and are at his mercy.

Perhaps, if Mr. Johnson had persuaded some candid friend to use a big blue pencil on his behalf, and cut out or down the many scenes which retard his piece, the actual strength of the subject might render "Q. Q." an effective play, although its technique is old-fashioned. The candid friend would have modernised the style by removing many soliloquies and cheap jests. Like too many authors, Mr. Johnson seems willing to use the first joke that comes into his mind, without considering whether it is new or effective, and the result is unfortunate. To ring the changes on "pub" and "club" and on "publican" and "publisher" is to aim at a rather humble standard, and, unfortunately, to hit it. However, many scenes in the four acts appeared to please the audience, and it is said that the play was well received in the provinces. Mr. Paxton had a heavy task in the part of Q. Q., and certainly showed some ability in dealing with it. Miss Madge McIntosh was charming; no wonder she pleased the people of Brussels. Miss Jessie Danvers and Mr. George Belmore acted cleverly.

Mrs. Bernard Beere is not seen so often as she should be. Thus the matinée which she gave at the Comedy Theatre on Thursday introduced to that younger generation—which rises so quickly as far as the play-house is concerned—two old favourites. Mr. and Mrs. Tree appeared in an act of "Peril," while Mrs. Beere once more figured as Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces," to the Triplet of Mr. James Fernandez and Mr. Sidney Brough's Ernest Vane. Mrs. Beere showed all her old charm, which makes one regret that she is so seldom seen in plays of the period.

The theatre has been very dull lately, but with Easter it wakes up. Here are some of the future fixtures—

April 7. "Julia." Royalty.	April 14. "The Conquerors." St. James's.
April 9. "The Heart of Maryland." Adelphi.	April 16. "Lord and Lady Algy." Comedy.
April 11. "The Cousin from Australia." Opéra Comique.	April 18. "Too Much Johnson." Garrick.
April 11. "Jack Sheppard." Pavilion.	April 18. "Macbeth." Métropole.
April 12. "The Belle of New York." Shaftesbury.	April 22. "Hamlet." Métropole.
	April 23. "The Master." Globe.



MRS. BERNARD BEERE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

So often have the clouds of war gathered since the last considerable European conflict, and dispersed again without a storm, that it would be rash to assert that either on the Niger or in the Far East or in the Gulf of Mexico will there be war. But there never was a time when so much powder was lying round loose within reach of sparks. British ships are going where Russian ships are already. French and English officers are occupying adjacent posts in Africa. The Spanish torpedo-boats are making for the West, and United States' ships are believed to be watching for their arrival. And yet, though there is cause enough for half-a-dozen wars, all States hang back. Partly because war now is a lottery, its conditions having changed so completely since fighting last took place; partly because the beginning of strife may increase past calculation or control; partly because of the enormous and crushing expense of a modern war; and very largely, because of the growth of intercourse between nations. Wider knowledge of our neighbours does not always give us a better opinion of them; but it enables us to express that opinion in milder ways than by weapons. Perfidious Albion reads her indictment in the Paris papers, and laughs at it, and retorts on the fickle Gaul, who retaliates in kind with much inkshed, and combative instincts are satisfied.

The Chinese difficulty may have been settled for a time, by the acquisition of some commanding position by Great Britain, as a counterpoise to Port Arthur. The Niger difficulty is important only so long as the French choose to make it so by untenable demands. But the Cuban question is more thorny. The "irresistible force" of American public opinion is confronted by the "immovable body" of Castilian pride. "Facts are stubborn things," but opinions and delusions are more stubborn yet, for they can exist and flourish in defiance of facts. For practical purposes, Spain has already lost Cuba; she has done her best to recover her power for years, and with very large forces; and the insurrection is still defiant. Succour from the United States has helped to keep it alive; but the filibustering expeditions have been few and insignificant compared with the numbers and armament of the Spanish forces. But a tangled country and a deadly climate have seconded the efforts of the bands of disorderly and ferocious insurgents; though rebels and Spaniards alike seem to have been chiefly dangerous to non-combatants.

Thus Spain has failed to reassert or justify her sovereignty. Spain must go—either absolutely or under some pretext of suzerainty. But what then? Is Cuba to be under the insurgents? Will it not be a new Hayti? Is it to be left to the Spanish party of the towns and the independent Republicans of the country? Then it will become a bigger and worse Crete. Are the United States to annex the island? Their Constitution is very ill-adapted for dealing with foreign possessions, and the tropical Creole and coloured populations they would have to rule are precisely the most awkward elements in the Southern States of the Union. Fancy a colonial empire whose patronage was at the mercy of political wire-pullers! It could not last. America is rich in capable administrators; but it is not enough to have the men, you must bring them to the right places. And this the Constitution of the United States, by the confession of its best friends, is not altogether successful in doing.

The bulk of the native Cuban population, like most tropical races of European descent, has had the spring taken out of it. Of such are the passive herds who have been plundered and starved by both belligerents. The active insurgents are a minority, and, though they have shown plenty of energy, it is rather the savage temper of the African than the cool courage of the civilised and self-governing man. A republic is not the right Government for such people. They have neither the long tradition of settled order nor the racial temper that disposes men to obey the law. South and Central American States have only prospered under the rule of strong men. A strong, unselfish man is best; a strong, selfish man the next best.

What is the inference? That Cuba shall do what Newfoundland has just done—make a concession of itself to a competent millionaire. There are plenty such in the United States. Cuba has no business to be an independent republic; it is a big tropical plantation, and wants proper estate-management. Its problems ought to be economic only, not political. There are some other Colonies of which the same may be said even more forcibly—and some States also. For instance, if the new international control of Greek finance is properly worked, it ought to effect a real regeneration of hapless Hellas, such as all the politicians in the world could not bring about. Spain treated Cuba as an estate to be rack-rented and drained of its wealth; but it would be an even greater mistake for the United States to incorporate the island as a self-governing State or Territory. And independence for Cuba would simply mean anarchy and a sinking back into the brute. It has meant so in Hayti and in most of the South American States; and what has been will be again.

Therefore let a capable millionaire be appointed to run Cuba on strict business principles. Any other method will be a wilful waste of good cigars.

MARMITON.

WHERE TO GO AT EASTER.

The railway companies offer the usual facilities for the holidays. The Brighton and South Coast Railway special cheap tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will be issued on April 6, 7, and 9, available for return on the following Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Friday. On April 7 a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, *via* Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the night express service, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 6 to 11 inclusive. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday day-trips at excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Extra trains will be run from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace, Grand Sacred Concert, on Good Friday, and the special holiday entertainments on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and following days, returning in the evening at frequent intervals.

The South-Eastern Railway Company will run cheap day-excursions on Good Friday and Easter Monday to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Folkestone, Dover, Rochester, and Chatham. On Easter Sunday cheap tickets by certain trains will also be issued to Rochester and Chatham. A cheap excursion will be run to Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 2.45 p.m. and Cannon Street at 2.50 p.m. on Saturday, April 9, returning from Boulogne at 2.8 p.m. or 7.50 p.m. on Easter Monday. Cheap tickets to Boulogne will also be issued on April 7 and 8 from Charing Cross and Cannon Street.

The London and South-Western Railway will run a special trip to the Channel Islands and Havre. Cheap tickets 24s. 6d., third-class by train and fore-cabin by steamer, will be issued from Waterloo, Kensington, &c., to Guernsey, Jersey, and Havre on Thursday, 7th, Good Friday, 8th, Saturday, 9th, and Easter Monday, 11th April. On Thursday, April 7, special extra fast trains will leave Waterloo for Christchurch and Bournemouth, Camelford, Delabole, Wadebridge, Bodmin, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, Exeter, West of England, and North Devon lines. On Good Friday a special extra train will leave Waterloo at 5.50 for Basingstoke, Salisbury, Exeter, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, Bideford, &c.

The London and North-Western Company on April 7 will run a special to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, calling at Willesden, Coventry, and Stechford only. By special arrangement with the Postmaster-General, a sleeping-saloon for first-class passengers and an ordinary carriage for first- and third-class passengers will be attached to the 8.30 p.m. postal express from London (Euston Station) on Good Friday night, April 8, for the conveyance of passengers booked from London to Dumfries, stations on the Portpatrick and Wigtownshire Railways, Stranraer, Larne, and stations in Ireland on the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway.

The Midland Railway will to-day run cheap excursion trains from London (St. Pancras) to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., *via* Morecambe, also to Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Galway, &c., *via* Liverpool, returning within sixteen days as per sailing bill; and on Thursday, April 7, to Dublin, *via* Liverpool, returning any week-day within sixteen days. On April 7 cheap excursion trains will be run to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Blackburn, Bolton, Blackpool, Rochdale, Oldham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Scarborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Furness District, Carlisle, &c., returning the following Monday or Tuesday; and from London (St. Pancras) to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Ballater, &c., returning Monday, April 11, or Friday, April 15. Tickets will also be issued by the Scotch excursion at a single ordinary third-class fare for the double journey.

The Great Northern Railway Company will run to-morrow night cheap excursions to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalnally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Passengers holding five-day tickets return on Monday, April 11; those holding nine-day tickets on Friday, April 15; and those holding sixteen-day tickets on any day up to and including Friday, April 22.

The Great Western Railway will issue cheap tickets on Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday and Monday, April 8, 9, 10, and 11, by certain trains from Paddington, Addison Road, Hammersmith, &c., to Staines, Windsor, Taplow, Maidenhead, Cookham, Bourne End, Great Marlow, Shiplake, Henley, Tilehurst, Pangbourne, Goring, Cholsey, and on Saturday and Easter Monday only to Wallingford.

The Zeeland Steamship Company's boats go to the Continent *via* Queenborough and Flushing twice daily in each direction. The actual sea passage by the new twenty-one knots night steamers is only two hours and three-quarters. Apply for time-tables, &c., to the Zeeland Steamship Company's London office, 44A, Fore Street, E.C., where circular tickets may be obtained at three days' notice.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Bale, and Berlin, reaching Cologne about noon, Bale and Berlin in the evening.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 6, 7.39; Thursday, 7.41; Friday, 7.43; Saturday, 7.44; Sunday, 7.46; Monday, 7.47; Tuesday, 7.49.

The new pattern of Humber machine is an extremely neat-looking bicycle, and I should not be at all surprised to see it largely patronised during the forthcoming season. With this notable exception there is nothing very striking in the way of novelties about the machines now on sale—nothing, that is to say, that has not already been noticed in these columns. But, if improvements in bicycles themselves are temporarily at a standstill, nearly all the extras which come under the head of "cycling accessories" are weekly undergoing changes for the better. To begin with, various new sorts of pumps, spanners, and screw-wrenches have lately been placed upon the market, and they nearly all possess some point of advantage over those formerly supplied with new machines. Last week I examined Turner's patent Bi-carrier, which is on view in Piccadilly, and possibly elsewhere in London. It consists of a neat support, which may be attached to the back stays of any bicycle, and it is warranted to carry 25 lb. The weight of the contrivance itself is barely 1 lb., though it measures 14 in. by 6 in. No spanner or key is needed in order to attach it to the machine, and, in short, it seems truly to fulfil a want that has been felt among touring cyclists for a long time.

A report is current to the effect that a portrait of the Prince of Wales, mounted upon a bicycle, is likely to be on view at the Academy. Whether this is, or is not actually the case, I am hardly in a position to say, but I am able to state positively that many of the pictures sent in represent bicycling scenes, or perhaps they ought more properly to be termed "cycling idylls." That they may, one and all, be hung is the sincere desire of all true cyclists.

Poor relations are said to be always with us, but the poor cycling crank seems likely to run the poor relation very close. During the last week I have met no less than six cycling cranks. The worst one of all was an individual who not only always carried a few dozen spare spokes about with him, "in case of accidents," but who, every time I met him, vowed by all his gods that some of the spokes in my machine were either loose or bent or not properly adjusted, and then and there offered to substitute a fresh set out of his own stock. At length, in order to get rid of him once and for ever, I agreed to let him experiment upon the front wheel of my smart Beeston, on the distinct understanding, however, that he should never come near me again. The machine is now in the hands of a professional repairer. Moral: avoid bicycle cranks and reject the kindly offers of amateur engineers, or you will most certainly lament your misplaced confidence.

The following letter from Mr. W. G. Richard, dated Feb. 27, and posted at St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A., is of interest, but I cannot admit further discussion upon the subject—

DEAR SIR,—I see in your issue of *The Sketch* of Feb. 9, Mr. W. E. Ritchie makes the following statement: "In the States . . . horns are strictly forbidden, a lamp and a bell being all that is required." Allow me to point out that this statement is somewhat misleading, for I am not aware that the Federal Government has yet revised its Statutes so as to regulate bicycles, and doubt very much whether it has the power to do so under the Constitution. The rules regarding bicycling are made by the various local bodies, and consequently differ widely in the different cities. For instance, here in St. Paul we have to carry bell and lantern, but, with the exception of a prescribed district in the business part of the city, may ride on the sidewalk, while in the neighbouring city of Minneapolis (some few miles away) they need only carry a bell, but are not allowed on the sidewalk; so that a St. Paul wheelman who has not made himself acquainted with the boundary line may suddenly find himself arrested for riding upon the sidewalk, and a Minneapolis one equally suddenly for crossing the line without a light. This is no imaginary case, but has often happened, as the police of each city seem to delight in "running in" offenders of the rival town. As regards horns, I can say that at least in Chicago they are not prohibited.

A young lady lately staying in Devonshire made the acquaintance of a blue-eyed young man who, according to a local newspaper, she described to her mamma as "a superb young cyclist." Unfortunately, she had forgotten the ancient saw about "blue eyes," for, upon her meeting him on a certain eventful afternoon, she allowed him to take home her bicycle, a new chainless Columbia, in order that he might, so he said, "find out

how it worked." Apparently, he solved the knotty problem, for neither he nor the machine has since been seen, and the rightful owner now feels more convinced than ever that there must have been "wheels within wheels."

A rather serious accident occurred last week to Alderman Harding, of Leeds. He was staying at Tunbridge Wells, and, when bicycling on the muddy roads, his machine skidded, throwing him violently to the ground. He was discovered unconscious by a policeman, and, when medical assistance was procured, it was found that he was suffering from slight concussion of the brain. Mr. Harding is progressing favourably, but it is feared that it will be a week or two before he is able to leave his room.

Had the Knighte, the Nonne, and the rest of that goodly company undertaken their historic pilgrimage to the shrine of "the holy, blissful martir," St. Thomas A'Becket, at the close of the nineteenth century instead of the fourteenth, it is probable that horse and mule would have been abandoned for the swifter if more prosaic cycle. But in that case the journey would have been accomplished so speedily that the world would have been the poorer by the loss of the immortal Canterbury Tales. There is something in the very idea of a cycling pilgrimage which suggests an anachronism, for one is wont to connect these sanctified excursions with the scantily furnished wallet and sandal shoon of an austere devotee of some religious cult. But the glamour of antiquity may be deceptive. Even Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims seem to have enjoyed what the modern schoolboy would designate a "high old time," while modern pilgrimages have in many cases degenerated into little more than quasi-religious picnics or pleasure jaunts. I remember a few years ago staying at a "holy place" on the Rhine, hallowed by the possession of a miracle-working image, where parties of pilgrims would arrive almost daily in specially chartered excursion steamers, apparently bent on a day of thorough enjoyment. It need, therefore, occasion no surprise to read that a cycling pilgrimage is being arranged for the coming summer to Lourdes. The pilgrims are to assemble at Agen, and, wearing the colours of the Virgin, to proceed a wheel to the miraculous grotto. No doubt, the devout cyclists will have a delightful ride and thoroughly enjoy the romantic scenery of the Pyrenees. I should much like to do the same myself; but, then, I shouldn't call it a pilgrimage. Somehow the word doesn't suit our modern modes of locomotion.



MISS VERA BERINGER.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapstide.

The Cyclists' Touring Club is again, as spring advances, gaining a large addition to its membership, which now comprises something like forty-four thousand names, and cyclists who are contemplating a wheeling trip abroad—a pilgrimage to Lourdes, for example—will do well to join the club for the facilities it provides for obtaining admission for their machines into foreign countries free of duty. Last summer a party of ladies and gentlemen, arriving in a small town in the North of England, halted for refreshment at a hostelry, over the entrance to which were displayed the mystic letters "C. T. C." When the bill was presented they requested the usual discount, being members of the Cycling Club. "Law!" exclaimed the handmaiden, "this ain't nothing to do wi' cyclists. This is a Commercial Travellers' Club."

Of all the countries in the world it is Servia which contains the most centenarians. In this little country, which has less than 1,300,000 inhabitants, there are actually 575 persons whose age exceeds 100 years. Evidently those who wish to live to a ripe old age must go and finish their days in Servia. Ireland comes next in the list with 578, but then her population is very much larger than that of Servia. Spain has 401 out of a population of 17,000,000, and France counts 213 among her 38,000,000 inhabitants. England, Scotland, and Wales can only muster 192 between them, and Germany with her enormous population of 55,000,000 has but 78. Can this be the result of a diet of German sausage and sauerkraut washed down by barrelsful of lager-beer? Norway has 23 out of 2,500,000 inhabitants, and Sweden a population of nearly 5,000,000 and only 20 centenarians. Denmark has but two, and in little Switzerland there is not a single person whose years number five score.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

HOCKEY.

So far as Englishmen are concerned, the result of the first international encounter with Wales must be regarded as eminently satisfactory, for the match at Kersal saw them ahead with the brilliant majority of seven goals. Some few weeks ago Ireland inflicted on the Welshmen a heavier

at Camp Hill, Captain Reynard's residence near Bedale. After a hard struggle the Ripon ladies were defeated by four goals to nothing, one goal being scored before half-time was called, the other three afterwards. The Ripon ladies deserve great credit for their pluck in accepting the challenge. Their club came into existence only this season, while the Bedale was instituted three years ago, and, as hockey is a game



THE ENGLISH HOCKEY TEAM.
Photo by Lantiado and Bell, Manchester.

defeat by a point, and, as England subsequently drew with the victors, the result was a pretty accurate forecast of the later match by those who follow this branch of sport.

Hockey as a ladies' game has grown much in favour of late years, and nowhere more than in the North and West Ridings. The Bedale Club challenged the Ripon Club, and the match came off the other day

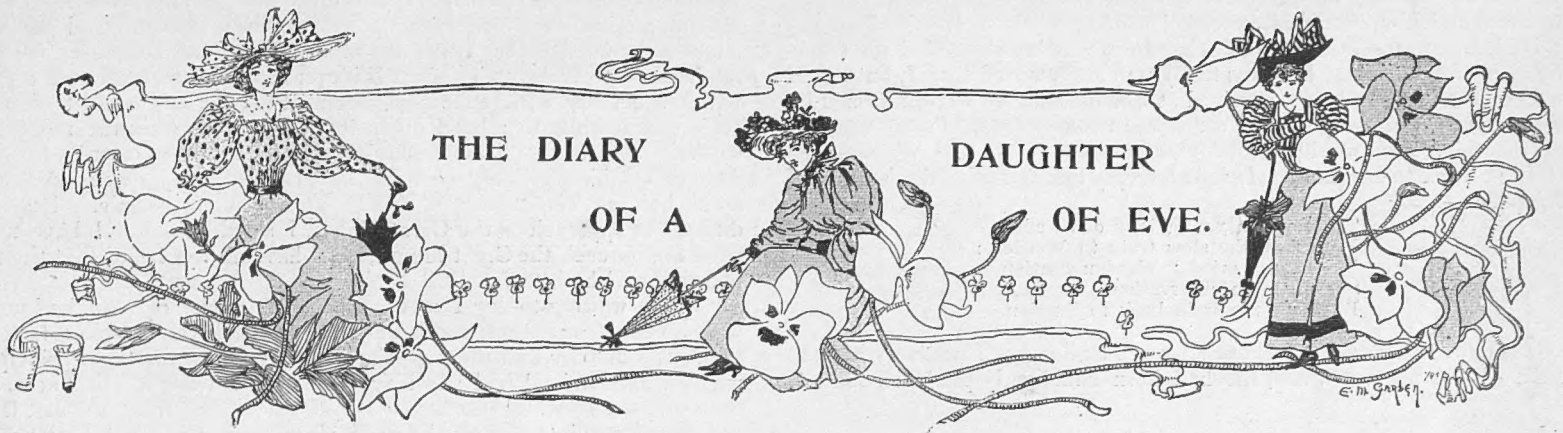


THE WELSH HOCKEY TEAM.
Photo by Lantiado and Bell, Manchester.

which is won by combined and scientific play, the more practised team of the older club had a great advantage over one which had not regularly played together for any length of time. The Bedale Club admits men as well as ladies, while the Riponites allow men to play only once a month. The male element adds nothing to the spirit and dash of a ladies' hockey team, and, except for coaching purposes, is not, I think, desirable in the interests of good play.



THE LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH AT CAMP HILL, NEAR BEDALE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REV. DR. HUDDART.



Monday.—Brighton looks beautiful this morning. Everything about is so active. The sun has been industriously dancing on the water for hours, the water has been energetically rolling over the beach, the people are busily walking "up and down the sea-wall"—an expression very popular down here, and always seeming to me to recall the habits and manners

I thought I could, and flinging down my pen so that it blotted the surrounding inkstand, wall, and papers in protest, I put myself into that bicycling-costume and joined my impatient little sister, when she lured me down the Madeira Road and insisted that I should accompany her on a voyage by sea to Rottingdean in one of the new cars. I reluctantly



CHIFFON AND LACE EVENING-CLOAK.



SPOTTED SILK MUSLIN GOWN.

[Copyright.]

of flies and other insects—and Julia the indefatigable has been bicycling on the King's Road since nine o'clock, calling to me every half-hour to know how much longer I am going to be, and whether I came out of town on purpose to sit at my desk and write about myself.

"Cannot you for one moment," she says pathetically (I am not quite certain whether she meant it pathetically or rudely), "cease from your unselfish labours in the field of other folks' fashions?" On consideration

left my bicycle in charge of a gentleman with a gold-laced hat, who stood at the entrance, I more reluctantly mounted that wooden saloon, and permitted myself to be seated by the side of dear Julia on a wooden bench, and we thumped along on the latest approved method for three-quarters of an hour. The idea is new to journey in a car on lines placed beneath the water—new, but not exciting. Was ever a voyage so monotonous! We droned for five minutes, we droned for ten minutes,

we went on droning for forty-five minutes—nothing happened; the car vibrated and I expostulated, vowing I would get out at Rottingdean and drive home, in the intervals of asking Julia whether she called the entertainment intellectual. She was really no more amused than I, but would not confess it, and when we arrived at Rottingdean we were informed by the gentleman in charge of the car that, in consequence of some vagaries of the tide, they would not be able to stop at all, and we must go straight back to Brighton. I sighed deeply and felt like the heroine of the poem—

There was a young lady of Sweden
Who took the slow train to Weedon;
When they cried "Weedon Station,"
She made no observation,
But took the train back to Sweden.

It was quite delightful to meet my bicycle again; but I was very kind to Julia—I did not say much, she had been sufficiently punished for her



[Copyright.]

CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH FANCIFUL BRAID.

enterprise, and talked very little about the excellence of her constitution during luncheon, while I employed myself by observing two exceedingly smart young women who were doing justice to the fare with almost manly vigour. One of them wore a dark-blue serge skirt and a coat faced with buff-coloured twill, showing a shirt of buff-coloured cambric, with lace butterflies inserted, and a cravat of blue and cream and black plaid glacé. This was crowned with a dark-blue straw hat trimmed with a scarf of light-blue chiffon and a large mass of cornflowers. The other girl was in light-grey covert-coating, with a jacket with double basques, tight at the back and pouching in the front, with long revers covered with Russian lace, but the top of this showed a shirt of pale-pink silk tied with a red, white, and black tie, and her hat was all dark red, cherries and chiffon. They both looked charming, and the novelty of their costumes in no way impeded their most excellent appetites. I never saw women eat so much, and they had actually the temerity to drink ale.

Tuesday.—Gertie's little girl, who was the ostensible excuse for my sojourn in Brighton, having recovered her normal health and spirits, I was permitted to return to town, not having, I believe, entirely fulfilled my duties of companion to Gertie; but, then, Julia was always "an interfeerer."

London looked rather grey and dusty, but Jay's looked very blue and beautiful. I never saw so many blues as they had in their window this

morning, excepting perhaps those they had inside the shop, where charming girls were parading up and down in charming clothes, and made me remember that I was due at a wedding and had never tried on my frock. It will be a nice gown if it ever comes home, made of blue cloth with a short coat with collars of hemmed batiste, and a shirt of white satin with a white tie; but I doubt its completion within the next three weeks. They are so busy at Jay's, and there was a crowd of patient waiters outside the holy of holies where Mr. Hiley dwells in solemn state, holding his council of frocks with eminent people. He is as difficult to approach as the Great Mogul, I should think. I have never tried to approach the Great Mogul, but I have always heard that the task is fraught with obstacles.

While waiting to-day I met a charming model of a foulard gown, with a vest of white net, and little straps of black velvet ribbon, fastened with little buckles, and the new shape of skirt cut on the latest principles, with an infinitesimal frill adorning it from the waist to the knees, and thence to the back. I also saw a delightful chiffon front, all soft frills, and once again interviewed the ideal piqué shirt, with gold buttons and little lace insertions and a black cravat. Furthermore did I catch a glimpse of some beautiful evening-dresses, with white lisse and black lace, glittering with silver sequins, and tied up with black velvet ribbons and adorned with pink roses. And again I saw a good costume of covert-coating in light drab, with a vest of mauve. Indeed, I saw everything on earth any woman could possibly want to see in the land of fashion, except Mr. Hiley, and he remained a secret. Ultimately I left him polite messages of regret, and, feeling my blue frock an impossibility, I wandered home to carefully study the charms of my last year's grey one, worn in combination with a blue hat, which Jay's have amiably sent me, trimmed with blue feathers and blue chiffon.

Wednesday.—After all, I could not let such a minor matter as clothes prevent me from attending the wedding of anyone I liked, and I did like that dear little bride to day, and have always liked her. And as for her mother; well, I shall not even mention in my Diary what I think of her mother; she is one of the sweetest women in the world, and—she certainly ordered one of the most delightful wedding-gowns for her daughter. One soft mass of chiffon and real lace it was, the train being put in from the waist, and hanging in accordion pleats; the front of the bodice was shirred from a transparent collar-band of real lace, while the sleeves were entirely made of lace, cut in the shape of mittens over the hands—an ingenious idea, and one particularly appropriate to brides, who are thereby saved the trouble of dragging off their gloves to receive the momentous ring. The bridesmaids had very simple gowns, but very charming, of white poult-de-soie, with frilled fichus of chiffon, and big black hats with pink roses tucked beneath the brim at one side. And I never tasted a more delightful cake; it will live long in my memory, together with some foie-gras sandwiches made with very small rolls. The art of eating is a great one, and "Long live Joseph!" seems the appropriate toast under the circumstances.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

ELEANOR.—Rowlands' "Kalydor" is really excellent for the complexion. You need have no fear that it will have the effect you suggest; on the contrary, it softens the skin wonderfully. If you let me have your private address, I will send you the proper circular about that lotion for the hair.

QUEEN CATHERINE.—I always buy my boots of the American Shoe Company, 169, Regent Street. You will find them thin and light, and most comfortable to wear. Dark-brown Russia leather looks well, and the white buckskin shoes are likely to be fashionable too. For the evening, black satin or gold kid. Have the stockings to match the shoes under all circumstances. You could wear any flowers with that blue gown. The newest are lobelia and borage. For my part, I have an eternal passion for violets with pale blue.

GEISHA.—Liberty satin in pale grey would be charming with a collar of old lace, and very dark red roses in the front of cream-coloured lisse, with an appliqué of lace on it. One of the new hats turned up in the front, and trimmed with a bunch of dark-red roses and a white feather, would look well, or you might, if your complexion will stand such a test, have a hat of grey gathered chiffon, with a rosette of turquoise velvet and a grey ostrich feather at one side. The gloves should be grey.

CLIO.—Cover that white skirt with white lisse striped with lines of black lace, have a large gathered collar round the shoulders of white lisse, and wear as many jewels as you can conveniently collect from your own wardrobe and other people's. I wonder why you have a prejudice against artificial flowers. I like them so much; and a large bunch of Neapolitan violets, with a pendent garland hanging below the waist, would be a great improvement. White roses would also look well. The ideal ornaments for wearing in the hair are diamonds, a diamond comb at the back, a pair of diamond wings at the side, with a small ostrich feather nodding above these. A very good effect is to be gained, too, by a puff of spangled tulle with a couple of little spangled feathers at one side, the knot of the tulle to be clasped by a diamond ornament; also a small bunch of flowers resting on the hair, with another smaller bunch standing up above it on a wire, may be worn becomingly, but your prejudice against artificial flowers prevents you using these. Take my advice and get rid of that prejudice.

VIRGINIA.

Last night was the great night in the annals of East-End Jewry. It was the occasion of the search for leaven that precedes the arrival of the Jewish Festival of the Passover, which commences this morning. On the night before the festival the East-End is *en fête*; everybody goes into the streets, until they are as crowded as the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park on a fine Sunday morning in June. Not so many years ago a great flutter of excitement was caused by the arrival in "the Lane," as Middlesex Street is still called, of Barney Barnato, who had come with several members of his family to revisit the glimpses of his earliest habitat. It is essentially the night when the people who have prospered and those who have to be content with hoping to do so in the future meet on common ground.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on April 13.

MONEY.

Once more the Board of Directors of the Bank of England have left the discount rate unchanged. This time, however, the figures of the Bank Return show such an important displacement of funds that the expected change in the rate seems much closer than it has been. The percentage of reserve to liabilities has fallen from 42·97 to 38·31. This change is not of serious import, but it all makes towards the inevitable rise in the value of money, which cannot be much longer postponed.

THE WEEK.

In politics, as in finance, it is the unexpected which always happens, and the week which, as we write, is just over forms no exception to the rule. It opened in the most gloomy manner, war within a measurable distance in every quarter of the world, and stocks tumbling down in a way that made many a banker who had taken in gilt-edged securities on 10 per cent. margin shake his head and feel uncomfortable, and yet the papers were full of new issues and the world wagged on as if international complications were unknown quantities. On a sudden everything appears to change—Yankee Rails boom, new companies find subscribers pressing round the bank counters to get their applications accepted, and the poor "bears" come scrambling in to cover their shorts, as if the era of universal peace and cheap money had come upon us, never to be again disturbed.

The Stock Exchange is always in the extreme of pessimism or of optimism, and, in our opinion, the latter mood has probably been as much overdone as the former was a few days ago. New issues have fortunately been, generally speaking, of a nature and kind that lend themselves to solid investment. Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Company, Vi-Cocoa, Huggins' Brewery, and the like, have met with a very good reception on their merits, and we think we may fairly congratulate ourselves on having recommended the first-named company to our readers, who have responded to the advance prospectuses we were able to send them in a way which is at the moment very gratifying to us, and, we doubt not, will be equally pleasing to them in time to come. Everybody who applied to us up to Monday last was supplied with the prospectus, after which it would have been too late to be of use, and the fact that over ten thousand shares were applied for on the forms supplied by *The Sketch* is a most eloquent tribute to the financial influence of our journal.

One, and only one, ill-natured correspondent has suggested that the City Editor was influenced by motives of a financial nature in recommending the Chadburn Company so strongly. We need hardly say this is quite untrue. The company was very largely over-subscribed, but it made no difference to the Financial Editor whether the public responded to the offer of shares or not, and, in order that no possible suggestion of improper motive might be made, he refused to be one of the underwriters, and was an applicant for shares upon exactly the same terms as any other member of the public and the readers of this journal. The customers of the business were first considered in allotment, but we think our readers have received between 40 and 50 per cent. of what they asked for.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

We doubt if it is generally realised to what an extent the depreciation has extended in the case of the very best securities during the last month or two—not on account of distrust of their safety, but merely from realisations due to the anticipation of dearer money. To illustrate our meaning we append a table which comprises only a few representative stocks, but which might easily be extended almost *ad infinitum*—

	Highest this year.	Price March 31.	Fall.
Consols	113 $\frac{1}{2}$	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Local Loans	113 $\frac{1}{2}$	111	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Metropolitan 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Consolidated	121	116 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Glasgow 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	112	110 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Liverpool 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	135 $\frac{1}{2}$	133 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Manchester 3 per cent.	110 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	2
Canada 3 per cent. Registered	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	101	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cape of Good Hope 4 per cent. Consolidated	117	112	5
New South Wales 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Inscribed 1924	110 $\frac{1}{2}$	105	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
New Zealand 4 per cent. Consolidated	116 $\frac{1}{2}$	114	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Queensland 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Inscribed	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	104	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Victoria 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Inscribed	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	103	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Caledonian Railway 4 per cent. Consolidated Guaranteed... ..	152 $\frac{1}{2}$	145ex d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western 5 per cent. Consolidated Guaranteed	192	181 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and North-Western 4 per cent. Consolidated Guaranteed... ..	154	148	6
North British 3 per cent. Consolidated	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Central 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture Stock	161 $\frac{1}{2}$	155 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Eastern 4 per cent. Debenture Stock	151 $\frac{1}{2}$	147	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
London, Brighton, and South Coast 4 per cent. Debenture Stock	153	149	4
London and South-Western 3 per cent. Debenture Stock	119	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland 3 per cent. Debenture Stock	119	115	4
North-Eastern 3 per cent. Debenture Stock	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	114	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

The falls, it will be seen, are universal, but not such as to indicate any serious apprehension of dearer money. That event is expected, but is obviously not counted upon for a very early date. But, nevertheless, a fall of two or three points on a security of the very first rank can hardly be regarded with equanimity, especially when it has to be kept in mind that the fall is only a prelude to what must be the inevitable result of a rise in the Bank Rate. That rise is staved off for the present, but

monetary conditions are working towards it—and, just of late, working rather rapidly.

SOUTH AFRICA.

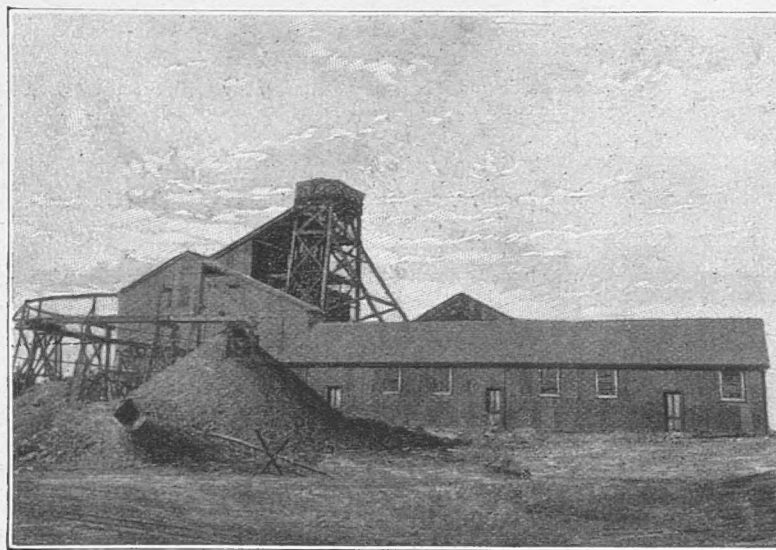
The following letter has reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent and explains very clearly the difficulty between President Kruger and the High Court Judges—

THE SITUATION AT JOHANNESBURG.

The situation at Johannesburg has greatly changed for the worse since the beginning of the year. The High Court difficulty, made acute by the dismissal of Chief Justice Kotze, gave the Kaffir Market a bad shock, and the latest judgment in the Brown case—the case which led up to the judicial trouble—is calculated to throw consternation among European investors when the facts are digested. Brown, in January 1897, got decree for 1200 mining claims on Witfontein, out of which he had been "done" by the illegal acts of the Government Executive. The Government had, meanwhile, allowed the claims to be appropriated by others, and the High Court, in giving judgment for Brown, declared that it "would become necessary for the Court to determine the amount of damages" should the plaintiff not obtain possession of the claims which he was the first to peg on July 19, 1895.

On this question of damages, now brought forward by Brown, Mr. Kruger's packed bench of judges have virtually overturned Chief Justice Kotze's decision in the same Court, and ruled that Brown must take out a fresh summons and fight his case *de novo*. We know what this would mean should Brown comply. Even were there no change in the *personnel* of the bench, there is now Law No. 1 of 1897, which was passed for the express purpose of making the Executive and Volksraad's illegal doings in such cases legal.

In face of such a judgment, which is on a par with the decisions in the notorious cases of McCorkindale and Doms, in 1884 and 1888 respectively, it is only natural that the investor should pause before placing any more money in a country where the rights of property are apparently held in no better esteem than they are in some of the American Republics. There has been a very



SORTING HOUSE AND CRUSHER STATION, GELDENHUIS DEEP.

pronounced pause, and the prevailing disposition in Johannesburg at the time of writing is to scuttle out of every form of security that will fetch a price, but, unfortunately, such assets as heritable property are in many cases practically unsaleable. Where there are buyers, they offer ridiculously low prices. The downward tendency in the value of real estate is not likely to be arrested for some time to come, for the town having been grossly over-built in the boom years, there are practically whole streets of vacant houses and business premises, and rents, which have already had a bad fall, are likely in many cases to come lower still. Moreover, the population, instead of showing the growth which might be expected in a new town, has for over twelve months continued steadily to shrink in numbers, to say nothing of the shrinkage in wealth.

Companies like the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment, the African Estates, African City Properties Trust, &c., are suffering badly from the great depression in real estate, and it would be rash to say that the worst has yet been experienced.

As regards the mines, the scarcity of native labour, previously referred to in *The Sketch*, is assuming a more serious phase, and is beginning to tell adversely on outputs. This is the worst factor at the moment for the Kaffir Market, apart from the judicial and political questions. There is little prospect of labour becoming sufficiently plentiful in the near future. The demands of the mines have grown so enormously, and are still growing, and at the moment there are disquieting rumours of possible trouble in the coming winter between the Boers and the Swazis, as well as the Magato natives, over the non-payment of taxes. In other parts of South Africa, particularly Gazaland, native troubles, which are of periodic occurrence, are also feared, and even the rumour of possible trouble has a powerful effect on the supply of natives in the labour market. Between one thing and another—shortage of labour and a consequent falling-off in outputs and profits, the Suzerainty business, and the judicial crisis—the Kaffir Market, which seemed ripe for a further rise at the beginning of the year, has witnessed a serious fall, and, as at least two of the factors—scarcity of labour and the High Court crisis—have not yet spent their force, it is the opinion of the best-informed quarters in Johannesburg that the fall is not at an end.

CROWN DEEP.

The serious falling-off in the output and profits at this mine since Jan. 1 is solely due to the shortage of labour. Machine drills have had to be used in the stopes, and the use of these leads to a lower grade of ore than in stoping by hand. At numbers of other mines the scarcity of labour is leading to precisely similar results, while at some, where there are large batteries to keep running, it will only be possible to crush full time by a less rigid sorting out of waste rock. The Crown Deep is looking well, and at some not remote day the mine will come conspicuously to the front again, though for the time being the course of the shares may be downwards. In the lower levels opened, latest development work shows the rich South Reef to be a magnificent body of ore. The labour difficulty will be partly minimised by the use of a smaller size of drill, so that the stopes may be carried narrower. There are certain dyke troubles in this, as in so many mines on the Rand, but, the various faultings in the Crown Deep being now

well understood, they have ceased to seriously affect the working of the mine. The new slimes process has been started, and in future will increase the monthly profits.

Taking everything into consideration, I see no reason to alter my opinion that this is the pick of the Rand Mines group, and the investor who is able by the exercise of a little patience and discretion to pick up a parcel of the shares at a moderately cheap price—£9 was the lowest point touched last year—will reap a handsome reward when good times return to the Kaffir Market. Taking the Rand Mines group as a whole, there is no safer list of mines for the investor or speculator to dabble in, and there is a good return for the man who is lucky enough to get into any of the shares at low points, and can afford to hold for the rise which is certain to come.

WITWATERSRAND DEEP.

Work has been resumed at this mine on the strength of the successful issue of £200,000 debentures. Development work is going on from the eastern shaft, which is down over 600 feet, and in which no sinking was done for some months pending the raising of additional capital. Sinking has also been resumed in the central shaft. The only development work done so far is in the eastern section of the property, where the reef is somewhat patchy—one rich patch in the first level averaging 138 dwt. over 18·4 in. of reef for a distance of 88 feet, and in other places the reef showing very poorly. Taken as a whole, however, the mine is opening up pretty much like its neighbour the Ginsberg, which shows an average yield since it commenced to crush of 44s. 7d. per ton. The Witwatersrand Deep is a big mine, owning 276 claims and measuring 4700 feet on the strike of the reef by about 3600 feet on the dip. Ginsbergs, at the top of the recent rise, stood at a price corresponding to about £15,000 per claim. The market price is still nearly £10,000 per claim. In the other direction, the Driefontein, carrying the identical reefs, was valued at, roughly, £15,000 for each claim with the double reefs when the shares were at 80s. the other day. Let us see how the Witwatersrand Deep works out, taking the shares at par—

Issued capital	£351,900
£200,000 debentures convertible into Ordinary shares } at 50s. per share	80,000
Reserve shares	18,100
Total capital	£450,000

This represents between £1600 and £1700 per claim, taking all the capital as issued and allowing for the conversion of the debentures at 50s. per share.

A QUARTER'S CAPITAL.

The year 1898 has so far made a good start—if it is fair to so describe the result—in the way of new capital issues, which, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, aggregate close upon forty million pounds. Our contemporary, which appears to have compiled its figures with great care, says that the total for this quarter is bigger than any total for the corresponding period of many years past, with the exception of the first quarter of the boom year of 1889, when the new capital offered for subscription was 56½ millions sterling. Industrial and Miscellaneous issues, of course, figure largely in the aggregate. In the classification they are by no means clearly defined or differentiated from others which might reasonably appear to belong to this category. For instance, we think that "Industrial and Miscellaneous" might reasonably have included "Entertainment," "Breweries and Distilleries," "Hotels," "Shipping Companies," "Electric Lighting Companies," "Gas and Water Companies," "Cycling Companies," and "Motor Enterprises." But, even with all those treated separately, we still have the "Industrial and Miscellaneous" accounting for £12,243,000 out of a grand aggregate of £39,652,000. The chief items are—

Colonial Loans	£3,843,000
Corporation Loans	1,904,000
Foreign Government Loans	7,200,000
American Railroads	2,951,000
South African Mining	1,353,000
Breweries and Distilleries	3,789,000
Shipping Companies	1,052,000
Industrial and Miscellaneous (besides the above)...	12,243,000

THE BROCKIE-PELL COMPANY.

The meeting of this unfortunate concern—shall we call it?—passed off far better than the directors and promoters had any reason to expect or hope for. We have advised many correspondents to avoid it or to sell while they had the chance, not because we knew anything about its trading, but in consequence of the people to whom it owed its origin, and, above all, because of the quarters from which it was puffed. The shareholders were utterly without organisation, and Sir F. D. Dixon-Hartland managed the meeting with great diplomacy, but the story of the offer of shares at a premium less than a year ago, and the market manipulation to which these same shares have been subject, remains a monument of discredited finance. Why did the notorious Charles Glendenning Philips, in his "rag" called the *Limited Liability Review*, puff the company, and what did he get for inducing flats to buy the shares? Perhaps somebody can supply us with the information.

THE MINING MARKET.

The optimism which has within the last few days succeeded the previous gloom of the Stock Exchange has, to some extent, made itself felt in the Mining Market, and both Kaffirs and West Australians have received, every now and then, spasmodic attention. Despite the fact that Mr. Bottomley and his friends have bought (according to the statement of the great Horatio) 80,000 more Northern Terror shares than exist, the chairman resigns and the price fails to rise by leaps and bounds, while, so far as we can see, there is no sign of a "Warner" corner being engineered. For some reason best known to itself, the market refuses to take Mr. Bottomley seriously, and cannot swallow the story he told about ore to the value of £3,000,000 being in

sight on the Eureka property. It is rather hard to swallow when you come to think about it, O reader, because the directors had just previously stated that the development consisted of two shafts, one 119 feet deep, and the other something less.

There are too many Northern Terrors being carried over in the market just at present to make the dealers dread a corner, and, if anybody wants to buy a few, there is no difficulty about finding a seller, despite the fact that the market is already 80,000 oversold, as some people say; nor is confidence increased by scrip dividends and further issues of shares in the Bottomley group.

The Whitaker-Wright conversion has at last been sanctioned by all the ugly ducklings, and soon the Standard Exploration Company will make its bow to the public. Whether both parties will bow is a very different matter. Not a few people think that the London and Globe, to say nothing of its managing director, is carrying already just about as much as it can stagger under.

Saturday, April 2, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre, under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. (Philadelphia).—We have answered your letter and sent you the name of the broker.

C. B.—Your letter came too late for the prospectus to be of any use to you.

J. H. L.—We have done the best we could for you, but the company was so largely over-subscribed that allotment in full, even to people in the trade, was out of the question.

DISAPPOINTED.—If you got one-tenth of what you applied for you were lucky. There were only half-a-million shares to distribute between applicants for £30,000,000.

P. M.—(1) The *Daily Mail* has been crying the shares up, but we do not think much of them. There is not a very active market, and very likely in a month or two there will be none. (2) We have no reason to suppose these things will go higher; at the same time, a good find on any one of the company's properties might put them up, and such a thing is always on the cards. Don't believe in yarns about "strong financial groups." (3) We have added your name and address to our list in case we have any future issue to recommend.

ENGINEER.—Yes, take them up.

F. H. H.—Nobody in the London Market seems even to have heard of the Mount Carbon concern, and we cannot get a price. You may assume that there is no market value in them.

ROB ROY.—We think the company is doing very little trade in either branch. If you can find a buyer for your shares, let them go.

HIBERNICUS.—The company is quite unknown here, and we regret we are unable to advise you.

RHODES.—Our advice would be that almost any purchase of African Mines is unwise at present; but if you want to know about the intrinsic merits or otherwise of this concern, write to Mr. Hess, of the *Critic*, who knows more than we do about individual mines.

A. F.—Why complain to us? Write to Sir Thomas Lipton.

NOTE.—Many letters have reached us asking for Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company prospectus, and we have tried to send to all who applied in time for the document to be of use. Unfortunately, we ran short of copies on Tuesday last, and fear a few correspondents will have been disappointed. In consequence of Easter we shall go to press early next week. Correspondents will no doubt accept this as an excuse if their letters are unanswered.

A. and F. Pears, Limited, have declared an interim dividend for the six months ended Dec. 31, on the Ordinary shares, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

The Directors of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa have made a record performance in allotment. The list closed at two o'clock on Wednesday, since when, we are informed, many thousands of pounds have been refused. The Directors proceeded to allotment on Thursday morning. They completed their task late on Thursday, and last night the whole of the allotment letters had been posted, and a very large proportion of the regrets, in addition. This expedition has been attained by the employment of a large staff working in shifts, and by the adoption of an elaborate system on the part of Messrs. Williamson, Murray, and Co., who made the allotment. We understand that to all ledger customers who applied for more than ten shares an allotment has been given on a liberal scale, and that the bulk of the shares were absorbed by them and other traders. Only a small balance remained to satisfy the heavy applications from the general public, to whom, as nearly as possible, a *pro rata* distribution has been made. The directors have sought to escape the reproach of not making a systematic allotment by treating everyone applying for more than ten shares alike. The general public who applied for less than ten shares have received no allotment.